THE CHARLEROI MAIL

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CHARLEROI MAN FALLS FROM ATTIC WINDOW

In House Across River Billingsly Accidentaly Drops Forty Feet.

REPORT WAS STARTED

That Highwaymen Had Thrown Him From Bridge But Proven Untrue.

Saturday evening, Marsh Billingsly, a Charleroi glass worker residing Eighth street and McKean avenue fell or was thrown from the attic window of a house near the new bridge on the Monessen side of the river and was badly used up, having his left leg broken near the thigh, a rib broken, and sustained bruises about the head. He was rendered unconscious by the fall.

The distance of the fall would probably be about forty feet. The ground is not very hard below which fact probably saved Billingsly from death.

The happening was about seven o'clock, and the man was not found until late in the evening. Dr. McKay dressed the injuries and the man was sent to the Memorial Hospital, Monongahela, where he is getting along as well as can be expected.

It was as first reported that highwaymen had set uponBillingsly on the bridge, and after robbing him, threw him over the side. This is given as the story of the man himself, and was printed in yesterday's Pittsburg papers.

Investigations were made yesterday by detectives and officers both from Charleroi and Monessen. They found that Billingsly had been seen at a little after six o'clock in a window of an empty house near the bridge, and the second from the river. Another fact of importance which thoroughly disproved the highwaymen story was the finding of Billingsly's hat and umbrella in the room where he was seen. It is said he had been drinking, and had gone into the house to rest.

As the house bears a bad name, it being said that it is a poker joint, it is thought possibly by some that the man was thrown from the windows, but this is generally disbelieved by those who have investigated.

Fight Getting Interesting.

Washington, Pa., April 25.—(Special.—The fight for County Superintendent in Washington county is now growing very warm owing to the active canvass being made by all of the aspirants. Those who have already announced and have been in the field for some time are E. B. Enoch of Washington, George Norris of Burgettstown, Charles McCormick of Union township, W. D. Wright of Charleroi, L. R. Crumrine of Washington and Daniel Gayman of Charleroi.

The directors will meet in convention on Tuesday, May 5, in the Town Hall of this place, when the election will take place. The fight will be closer than for years. It is expected that every one of the 396 directors in the county will be present.

Professor Frank R. Hall, who has held the office of County Superintendent for 12 years or four terms, declined to be an applicant for the position the fifth time owing to his health, although it was conceded that he would be elected.

WILL VISIT WASHINGTON LODGE TOMORROW

Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener, of Charleroi, will pay Washington lodge, No. 776, an official visit tomorrow evening. Several other officers and out of town Elks are expected to be present. The regular semi-monthly meeting of the lodge is to be held at 7:30 o'clock, to be followed by one of the biggest banquets ever given by the Washington Elks.

Among the honor guests expected to be present are GrandTrustee Mayor Charles Schmidt, Wheeling; Judge Charles McKenna, Pittsburg; District Deputy Charles Ashley, McKeesport, and a large number of Elks from the lodges of Charleroi, Monongahela, Canonsburg, Waynesburg, and Wheeling.

What Happened.

When the Pennsylvania Railroad loan was announced Wall street gasped. Wall street had been telling itself there was no more money in all the world, because it had not been able to get any last fall to try its margin trading. But when the loan was subscribed and the new bonds were bid up two or three points before being issued the Sreet was amazed. Then it took heart and the result was graphically pictured in yeterday's trading. United States Steel, preferred, for example, went above par and the whole list was lifted as if by magic.

Such is the contagion of thought on the exchange. Not a dollar has been added to the value of the natural resources of the country. They are just what they were in January. Winter wheat was then in the ground and giving promise of a harvest; there was every reason to believe the other staple crops would turn out well; gold and silver and copper were in the hills to be had for the digging; Oklahoma and Illinois were producing more oil than anbyody needed for his lamps. These conditions remain and they are no more certain than they were then. But something has happened, for the whole outlook has—changed in Wall street.

The thing that happened was that one man, or several, who were not blinded by fear, saw and believed in the wealth of the developing resources. They showed their faith by borrowing money—or, if you please, by lending some money—to aid that development. And because those men had proved their wisdom in the past, Wall street saw and believed, too. strange, isn't it? And Wall Street has been supposed by some to have a corner on financial wisdom!—Dispatch.

Contracts Let.

The Wilbur, Arthur and Wellington hotels have let the contract for their coring papering. The Collins Wall Paper company were the lowest bidders and were awarded the contract.

"E. C. DeWitt and Co., Chicago, Ill.—Gentlemen—In 1897 I had a disease of the stomach and bowels. In the spring of 1902 I bought a bottle of Kodol and the benefit I received all the gold in Georgia could not buy. May you live long and prosper. Yours very truly, C. N. Cornell, Roding, Ga., Aug. 27, 1906." Sold by Piper Bros. eodtf

Cyclists.

The palm is given to Sid Baxter and Co. for their novelty wire cycling act. At the Star. 223t2

MINER KILLED AT CATSBURG ABOUT NOON

Joseph Forth Was Killed At Catsburg Mine By Fall Of Slate.

Joseph Toth working in the Catsburg mine was killed about noon Saturday by a fall of sale. Deceased is 29 years of age and leaves a wife and two children in the old country. The remains were taken to Scurfield's undertaking rooms where they will be prepared for burial. Toth had just quit work and sat down to eat his dinner when the roof slate fell killing him instantly.

Increase of Pensions.

Under date of April 20, 1908, Capt. D. Ashworth, the U. S. Pension Agent in Pittsburg, Pa., received instructions from the Pension Bureau relative to the Act of April 19, 1908, granting an increase of pension to $12.00 per month to all widows, miners and helpless children now on the rolls at a less rate.

No application is required from the pensioners now on the rolls to obtain the increasd rate, but the same will be paid by Capt. Ashworth July 4, 1908, upon receipt of the voucher, properly executed, which is now in possession of the pensioners. The present pension certificates should be retained until its return shall have been requested by the Pension Agent room whom the pension is received.

THOUSANDS SEEKING WORK ON FARMS

Thousands of idle men are seeking work on farms and the indications are that the largest crops in the history of the United States will be raised this year. The fact that farm labor is more plentiful than it has been for years has created an unprecedented demand for seeds, especially corn, and seed dealers never were so busy as they are at present. The fact, too, that so many men have been out of employmnet has caused a rush in the seed markets.

Men living in the suburbs who have garden space about their homes are putting in gardens and as a result thousands are busy with the spade, hoe and rake. Big crops mean prosperity and those who have kept in touch wth the general situation say that conditions never looked better for banner crops of every description. According to an old tradition Leap Year always witnesses a big fruit crop and this year will prove no exception to that rule. Cherries and peaches promise to be especially plentiful.

Street Carnival

The Scott-Rankin Shows which opens for a weeks engagement at California May 11 is an innovation in open air amusements, combining Circus, Theatrical, Vaudeville and Carnival features. The Management has digressed from the worn and eyesore features seen every year, and has endeavored to produce something out of the ordinary, something unique, realizing by years of experience that the public demands from amusement purveyors, novelties; these monster shows have been arranged along these lines. The visitors to these shows will witness metropolitan features on every side. Quality not quantity.

The show ground will be a place to drive away dull cares. Wonderful gymnasts, funny clowns and daring performers in every branch of amusement. Plenty of music, in fact, nothing left undone to make persons perpetual boosters for the shows.

The show is given under the auspices of the California Military Band.

Vernon.

Clyde Vernon, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Vernon, of Fallowfield avenue died Sunday morning at 4:30 o'clock, aged 8 months and 22 days. Funeral services today at 2 o'clock from the home, conducted by Rev. Boblitt. Interment in the Charleroi cemetery.

Quick Change.

Bertha Talford holds some records for quick change. Also a song and dance artist. At the Star. 223t2

DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little liver pills. Sold by Piper Bros. eodtf.

MAY EXTEND P. C. & Y. RAILROAD INTO THIS COUNTY

The Undeveloped Coal-Fields Of Washington County will Shortly be Developed.

J. M. Schoonmaker, president of the Pittsburg, Chartiers and Youghiogheny Railroad, accompanied by a party of friends, made an inspection trip through southern Washington county yesterday, with a view to extending the P. C. and Y. to the local fields of that portion of the county. The party arrived in Washington on a special train, and taking automobiles left for Scenery Hill, the first stop, where lunch was taken. From there the party went to Ellsworth and thence to Zollarsville, Lone Pine, Hackney, and then Prosperity, arriving in Washington about 7 o'clock.

President Schoonmaker informed Washington people that the object of the trip was to inspect the wonderful rich coal fields of the county, with a view to the ultimate extension of the railroad to the new eldorado. The mine along the P. Y. and C. are about exhausted and the road is compelled to reach out into new territory. Washington county is the most available field, with a deposit of coal of immense proportions, which will within the next few years be developed in many localities.

EXPENSE ACCOUNTS OF THE CANDIDATES

The time for the filing of expense accounts by candidates voted for at the recent primary expired last evening, but as yesterday was Sunday those who have not yet complied with the law will have a chance to gettheir statements in by 5 o'clock this evening.

The statements of J. K. Tener and E. F. Acheson, candidates for the Republican nomination for congress in the Twenty-fourth district were filed Saturday.

Mr. Tener's statement shows that $13,949.57 was received for his campaign fund and a like amount expended in the campaign. Mr. Tener contributed $3,815 to the fund. Among other contributors were George E. Tener $7,000, Robert McAfee, J. C. Oliver, F. Chandler, James Smith, Thomas V. Smith, John T. Connery $400 each; A. E. Marten and A. W. Horton, $300 each. The advertising account was a heavy item of expense. Over $1,400 was expended for watchers at various polling places.

Mr. Acheson's statement shows that no contributions were received. The total cost of his campaign was $5,609.15. His itemized expenditures cover sveral type written pages, and newspaper advertising figures largely in the accounts.

Wiliam E. Lane, the Republican nominee for county treasurer, spent $1,352. Of this amount $302 was paid for newspaper advertising, $210 for postage, $196 for railroad fares and $178 for dissemination of information. L. V. Martindell spent $700, and E. S. McIlvaine $164.

Alvin E. McCabe, who was candidate for the Republican nomination for Assembly, spent $165. Thomas Hill, the Republican nominee for county commissioner, spent $197.

Quick Change.

Bertha Falford holds some records for quick change. Also a song and dance artist. At the Star. 223t2

Special.

For Saturday and Monday a $10, fifty pound felt mattress for $7.50. Correll and Crowley, 333 McKean avenue. 22t2

Old, mellow and thoroughly matured—it possesses every essential of a genuinely fine, Kentucky liquor—that's why I. W. HARPER whiskey is the most popular. Sold by W. H. Zellers. 203t2wtf

Laugh A Word.

See "The Laugh a Word Man"—Lionel Paris at the Star tonight. 223t2

Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup acts promptly yet gently on the bowels, through which the cold is forced out of the system, and at the same time it allays inflammation. Sold by Piper Bros. eodtf

LODGES VISIT CHARLEROI CHURCHES SUNDAY MORNING

Odd Fellows Commemorate Eighty-Ninth Anniversary Of Organizatcn.

SPECIAL SERMONS BY

Methodist And Lutheran Ministers On Subject Of Fraternalism.

The eigthy-ninth anniversary of Odd-Fellowship in the United States was celebrated by the Charleroi lodge yesterday, as well as others throughout the union. For the occasion the local lodge went in a body to Christ Lutheran church, in the morning at 11 o'clock and li tened to a sermon by Rev. C. E. Frontz, the pastor. He spoke interestingly on "The Friendship of Johnathan and David." Over a hundred Odd Fellows were in attendance. Special music was furnished by the Lutheran choir. The ladies trio, Mrs. Herman A. Heupel, Mrs. James Schnelbaugh and Miss Gertrude Minor, and a solo by Mrs. Heupel were features.

A few points of Rev. Frontz's follows, using the text, "The soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul." He said in part: "The league of friendship between the king's son and the incoming king for sincerity, constancy and romantic pathos is unrivaled in the annals of history. Whatever the cause, the facts remain; their hearts were blended as one so that their regards for each other was as tender as a mother's.

The first link in the mystic chain is Friendship. There can be no friendship without confidence, and no confidence without integrity. These two men put to shame much of the friendship of to-day. It was this God-like quality that entered into their relations, for the king's son, void of selfishness said "Thou shalt be king in Israel, and I shall be next thee."

The natural result of true friendship is the spirits reciprocation. Johnathan gave to David his robe, his garments, even his sword, bow and girdle. He frequently threw himself into the breach when David's life was threatened.

The middle link in this mystic chain is Love. This is beyond definition. If we can thoroughly undersand God then we have the meaning, for "God is Love." This central link explains your silent march to the widow's home, the care for the orphan, the sick calls and the comforting word. Love in your ranks makes your institution the light set on a hill. The third link is Truth. This is eternal. Every road with the finger board of truth placed at its entrance leads to God. Whether you travel by the way of philosophical research, scientific study, or theological investigation, you reach the same goal. Like the spokes in the wheel, they all center in the hub;—so all truth centers in God.

Rev. A. M. Doak, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church preached a strong sermon yesterday to the Charleroi lodge, Patriotic Order Sons of America. There were about one hundred lodge men in the body that marched from the Y. M. C. A. rooms to the church to listen to the discourse. Rev. Doak's subject was "What Is Patriotism", the text

(Continued on page four)

PRESS CLUB MEETS AT MONESSEN

The regular monthly meeting of the Valley Press Association was held in Monessen Saturday afternoon and evening, the newspaper men being the guests of the News and Independent. There was little business on hand and it was quickly dispensed with. Dinner was served at the Sheetz Hotel. The scribes later visited the theatres and enjoyed a splendid evening. Those present were Messrs. Couse, Brownsville Monitor, C. H. and L. M. Truxal, Belle Vernon Eterprise, Calvin and Lewis, Donora News, Koehler, Donora American, Niver, Charleroi Mirror, H. L. and A. H. Lamb, California Sentinel, Anderson, Monongahela Republican, Flint, Monongahela Times, Diehl and Watson, Independent and Schuck, News.

GOOD BILL FOR STAR THIS WEEK

All the acts at the Star this week are headliners. Each one of the performers is an artist in his line, and has the reputation of being unable to be beaten.

Lionel Taris, monologue comedian will produce a laugh with every word. Berth Falford, in a quick change song and dance act is a decided improvement on anything of the kind ever seen here. Sid Baxter and company have a refined act. They are novelty wire cyclists. New song and new pictures.

The First National Business show will be held in Duquesne Garden, beginning Tuesday evening at eight o'clock. Prizes will be given successful ones in the typewriting contest.

J. A. Bowman left this morning for Masontown to spend a few days.

Misses Francis and Tena Estenfelder spent Sunday with friends in New Kensington and Tarentum.

Miss Kate McPherson was an over Sunday visitor with friendsin Sewickley.

Harry Newcomber of Brownsville spent Sunday with his uncle J. Dawson.

Floyd Wingett, of Washington, Del., is visiting relatives in Charleroi today.

John Gress, of Greensburg returned home today after a visit with friends in this place.

Harry Hormell was a Sunday visitor with friends in Dunbar.

Laugh A Word.

See "The Laugh a Word Man"—Lionel Paris at the Star tonight. 223t2

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are prompt and thorough and will in a short time strengthen weakened kidneys and allay troubles arising from inflammation of the of the bladder. Sold by Piper Bros. eodtf

Cyclists.

The palm is given to Sid Baxter and Co. for their novelty wire cycling act. At the Star. 223t2

DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve. It is especially good for piles Sold by Piper Bros. eodtf.

THE BEST SIGN

of a comfortable future is the possession of a bank book. It is an incentive that does much to encourage one's ambition to save. Open an account now with the First National Bank of Charleroi, and you will brighten your prospects for the present and future. Banking by Mail Accounts invited.

4 per cent Interest Paid on Savings Accounts

First National Bank

Charleroi, Pa.

Depository for the State of Pennsylvania.

Capital $50,000. Surplus and Profits, $140,000.

J. K. Tener, Pres. F. B. Newton, Vice-Pres. R. H. Rush, Cashier.

You Can Safely and Conveniently Bank With Us by Mail

"Our Hospital"

Our repairing department is a hospital for the treatment of disabled watches, clocks, jewelry, spectacles and silverware.

We think that we give you best sort of work; that is, the work that is done right the first time, the sort that some one else does not have to work on after we have left it, the sort that not only saves trouble, but really saves money for you in the end.

JOHN B. SCHAFER, Manufacturing Jeweler

Bell Phone 163-W Charleroi Phone 163 515 McKean Avenue Charleroi, Pa.

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THE CHARLEROI MAIL

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TELEPHONES

Bell 76 Charleroi 76

Member of Monongahela Valley Press Association

Advertising Rates:

DISPLAY—15 cents per inch, first insertion. Rates for large space contracts made known on application

READING NOTICES—Such as business locals, notices of meetings, resolutions of respect, cards of thanks, etc., 5 cents per line.

LEGAL NOTICES—Legal, official and similar advertising, including that in settlement of estates, public sales, live stock and estray notices, bank notices, notices to teachers, 10 cents per line, first insertion; 5 cents a line, each additional insertion

Local Agencies

Geo. S. Might .....Charleroi
Clyde Collins .....Speers
M. Dooley .....Dunlevy
Gustave Clements.....Lock No. 4

APRIL

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		

April 27 In History.

1759—Mary Wollstonecraft born; died 1794.

1882—Ralph Waldo Emerson, transcendentalist, died; born 1803.

1902—Hon. J. Sterling Morton, ex-secretary of agriculture and the "father of Arbor day," died; born 1832

ASTRONOMICAL EVENTS.

Sun sets 6:48, rises 4:58; day's length fourteen hours; moon rises 4:15 a. m.; 7:42 p. m., conjunction between Saturn and the moon, the latter passing the planet from west to east 3 degrees and 12 minutes south thereof.

Facts,, Not Abuse Needed.

The great weakness of men who engage in advocating reform movements in general is mistaking personal abuse for argument.

Every public question should be discussed in a temperate and dispassionate manner. The facts connected with it should be clearly and fairly stated If they have merit they will command the support of the people. If they have no merit a fair discussion will disclose that fact.

Wholesale denunciation has ever been a failure in securing public attention and winning support to a cause however meritorious that cause may have been. Imputing base motives to those who do not look at matters as you do, asserting that they are dishonest or dishonorable have lost so nearly every time that the few exceptions prove the rule.

It was said in the earlier days of New England that he was counted "the best orator who could call the most names" and the practice seems to have been adopted by some editors.

Instead of discussing a public question with logical inferences based upon cogent facts, a deluge of personal abuse seems a necessary part of placing a cause before the people.

Such a course inevitably leads to a disastrous end.

Repeal Necessary.

The Nation, the States and the country generally are suffering from a surfeit of laws. Let a man get a hobby and he never ceases riding it until it is enacted into law and—forgotten.

It is not an exaggeration to say that taking the country as a whole there are a million obsolete laws upon the statute books which no one knows and cares nothing and which are never enforced or obeyed.

What the Nation needs is a wholesale repealing of laws instead of the enactment of more.

Commissions, National and State, should be appointed to overhaul and search out these obsolete laws and and have them repealed. Every man elected to a law-making body acts as if it were incumbent upon him to draw up and have passed a multitude of new laws and the more he succeeds in incumbering the statute books with the greater statesman he deems himself

Such a commission would probably unearth many useful and wholesome laws forgotten and unused that would come useful at present. No one knew the possibilities of the Sherman Act until it was exhumed from the grave of forgotten laws.

The Pittsburg authorities are making a commendable war against spitting in the streets of that city.

There is another feature of the sanitary crusade that is entirely overlooked and that is the habit of business men of sweeping the accumulation of the previous day's dirt and dust into the faces of passers-by mornings.

Disease breeding as the custom of spitting on the side walks undoubtedly as its evil effects are comparatively small to that produced by sweepings, when the streets are thronged by people on their way to work Consider for a moment. Hundreds of persons enter the stores during the day, tracking the offal and filth where it dries and become graulated into dust then swept out in the morning for people to inhale into their throats and lungs.

It is a disease-breeder that needs suppression, the sooner the better.

HOLDING MISSION

A Two Week Mission By the Paulist Fathers At St. Jerome's Church.

The Rev. Frs. Curtin and Quinn last evening began a two week's Mission at St. Jerome's church. The service were very impressive and interesting and the eloquent remarks of the clergymen were greatly enjoyed by the large congregation that gathered to hear them

This morning at the 5-oclock Mass the church could not contain all who desired to hear the eloquent gentlemen and many disappointed ones had to turn away.

It is expected that a strong spiritual interest will be awakened by their visit here and great good arise.

HURT GREAT ARTIST'S FEELINGS

John Lambert's Witty Rebuke to Vain Woman Sitter.

The late John Lambert, the Philadelphia artist, whose blindness, brought on by the dazzling sunshine of a Spanish summer, caused his death through grief, was a portrait painter of rare talent.

"Lambert," said a member of the Philadelphia club the other day, "was a realist. His portraits were true and unflattering It annoyed him tremendously to be asked to make an ugly woman beautiful—it was the same thing, he used to say, as being asked to lie

"A matron sat to Lambert once. At the end of the third sitting she professed to be quite satisfied with the progress of the work

"'All but the mouth,' she said. 'Please make it small and curved. I know it is a straight, long mouth, really, just as you have drawn it, but in the portrait I want you, if you will, to make it very tiny. Will you?'

"'Certainly, madam,' said Lambert. 'I'll leave it out altogether if you wish.'"

Petroleum Forty Centuries Old.

Though it is only within recent times that petroleum has become an article of commerce, there is abundant proof that it was used in the arts 40 centuries ago. The mortar used in constructing the walls of Nineveh and Babylon had petroleum mixed with it for the purpose of securing greater cohesion and excluding dampness. Traces of the bituminous matter are very distinct in the ruins, and the existence of petroleum springs at Is, some hundred and twenty miles from old Babylon, indicates one source of the supply. In the ancient history of several eastern countries allusion is made in unmistakable terms to the existence of petroleum springs.—New York American.

May Refuse to Drink.

There is a movement among some of the graduates of the German universities to abolish compulsory drinking by members of the student corps. At present no one is admitted to these societies if he be an abstainer, and when students are initiated they are required to drink almost to the intoxication point.

A Stake of Two Lives.

[Original.]

There were two absorbing passions that swayed Jean Taugre, governor of the prison in Dijon, France, at the time of the reign of terror—love of money and pride in his skill at chess. There was also a temporary passion—a hatred for an aristocrat. He guarded his prisoners well, but he still spent his leisure moments at his favorite game, and when he could do so without risk appropriated their belongings.

One morning after he had heard the reports of his jailers and attended to the usual routine of business he sat down to a game of chess with his daughter, who was the best opponent he could get. He beat her several games and threw himself back in his chair, with a deprecatory shrug and grunt. At that moment an attendant entered and said that a young man desired to speak with the governor. A boy of about eighteen was ushered in and thus addressed him:

"Citizen, I have heard of your skill in chess and have come all the way from Paris to try mine with you. I have beaten all opponents there, and if I can beat you I shall be champion of France. But I fear that is impossible, for I have heard that you are invincible."

At this compliment Taugre's breast swelled like that of a pouter pigeon.

"Sit down, citizen," he said. "Whom have I the honor to oppose?"

"Pierre Levesque, at your service," replied the young man, taking the seat left vacant by Julie Taugre.

"Levesque? I have heard of all the noted chess players of Paris, but not of Levesque."

"I am very young, citizen. I have lived in the country. Only a few weeks ago I went to Paris and vanquished the notable players after my arrival there."

They played a game in which Taugre beat his opponent, who looked very much surprised.

"That is a new move," said Levesque, "that I have never seen before. None of the Paris players has it."

"So?" said the governor, delighted. "Well, perhaps I shall show you more new moves before we get through."

The next game was a long one. Levesque knitted his brows and studied and hesitated, but with all his thinking he was at last beaten

"You play well," said Taugre. "That game required all my skill to beat you."

"In Paris," said the boy, "we always play for a stake. I think a stake tends to sharpen my skill. Shall we have one?"

"As you like," said his opponent "Make it a louis a game"

They played all the morning, and at noon the governor had won what was for him a goodly sum, having beaten seven games in ten. Then the stranger began to grow irritated

"What!" he cried "Have I beaten the best players of the capital to come here to be beaten by a provincial?"

Taugre chuckled. Levesque put his hand in his pocket and withdrew it full of golden louis. He repeated the process till he had placed quite a pile of coins on the table

"Match them," he said, "for the best six games in eleven."

"Ah, citizen," said Taugre, looking at the heap greedily, "if I only had the wherewithal to match them I would gladly do so"

"You dare not," said Levesque.

"Is there nothing you would like me to stake against them except gold?"

"Yes," said the stranger; "there is." He leaned forward and whispered in the governor's ear:

"My father, Count Ulric Dumont, is your prisoner. I will play my gold against his liberty, the best six in eleven games"

A succession of curious expressions passed over the governor's face—first suspicion, then deliberation, avidity, confidence, followed in quick succession. He felt sure from what he had seen of Levesque's play that he could beat him. The young man's love for his father had led him to make a vain attempt for the prisoner's life. Taugre consented to the terms, signed an order for the count's release and laid it on the pile of gold

The first two games were won by Taugre, the third by Levesque, the fourth by Taugre, the fifth and sixth by Levesque, the seventh and eighth by Taugre. The governor had now won five games to Levesque's three. From this point all was changed. The next game Levesque checkmated his opponent in twelve minutes, the next in six minutes. This left the games evenly divided, but so brilliant had been Levesque's later play that his adversary turned pale. Levesque on the eleventh game checkmated his adversary in four moves.

He reached forward and seized the paper, leaving the gold on the table. Rising, he bowed ceremoniously to the governor and withdrew, Taugre, sitting in a sort of stupor, looking after him as he went out of the door. As soon as it was closed Taugre scooped the money from the table and hid it in a closet.

Had not the young man left the gold on the table his plan might have been a failure and he and his father both gone to the guillotine. As it was, within half an hour the two were riding posthaste for the coast, where they found a vessel about to embark for New Orleans.

A month after the count was liberated Taugre received an order to send him to Paris to be tried. This really meant to be executed. Taugre claimed that he had never received such a prisoner and substantiated his claim by unquestionable records.

ELINOR T. BOYD.

A Gambling Episode.

[Original.]

Half a century ago what is now the middle west was the far west. Parts of Illinois, Indiana and Kentucky were inhabited by a very rough people. I went out there to sell goods when I was a very young man, being about the first salesman to visit the region. Of course I traveled armed and kept my money in a money belt strapped around my waist. I was rather a lively boy and not averse at times to a small game while traveling. Indeed, I carried a pack of cards and dice.

One evening I was on a stagecoach that pulled up at a tavern in a small town in Kentucky on the Ohio river. I had gone there to take the first steamboat that would pass up to Cincinnati, where I could take a railroad train for the east. No one could tell just when a boat would stop there, and I had the prospect of a dreary time ahead of me. In those days in that region gambling was open on the boats and in the taverns. During the evening of my arrival I watched a party of men shaking dice in the bar, which was in the same room with the office. The next day I spent my time watching for a steamboat. A number of boats passed, but none of them had freight or passengers for that landing, for they did not stop. In the evening I went in and watched the dice throwers.

Now, I defy any young man of ordinary spirit spending his time in such a place watching a game without longing to be in it. I resisted for some time, for the men were a bad looking lot, then pulled out some coins and called for the dice box in my turn. I played far into the night and when I got up from the table had parted with every cent of money I had for my expenses, some $300. I was not quite so much of a fool as this confession indicates, for I had noticed that my opponents knew exactly how to roll the dice so that the figures they wished should come up Besides, I was not especially timid. When cleaned out I reached for the dice and put them in my pocket. The men who had won my money looked threatening, but said nothing To object would have been to confess that they were loaded. I had no idea of recovering my money by an exposure. I wished to satisfy myself as to whether I had been swindled.

Taking my candle, I went upstairs and to bed. Undressing, I threw my trousers on the back of a chair, not thinking, since I had lost all my money, to take any precautions for their safety, but I didn't care to lose the dice till after I had a chance to break them, so I took them from the pocket and replaced them with my own set; then I went to bed and to sleep.

I was awakened during the night by some one tampering with my door. I lay still and presently heard the door open and a stealthy step in my room A figure passed the window, and I could hear it searching among my clothes; then it went out I got up, felt in my trousers' pocket for my dice, and they were gone.

The next morning I was not especially surprised to see some of the men who had my money still about the place. Had they not, as they supposed, secured the dice they would have got out of the way. After breakfast I told the landlord that I suspected that I had been swindled with loaded dice He professed to be very indignant and swore that if such were the case he would make the men who had won my money disgorge. I told him to call them in and I would prove my charge They came, and I could see by their assumed indignation that they were confident that they had their dice and I could prove nothing.

After they had expended sufficient verbal ammunition they called upon me to give a reason for assuming that the dice they had played with were loaded. I asked the landlord for a hammer, and when he had produced it I put my hand in my pocket and pulled out the dice I had kept under my pillow.

"Hold on," said one of them. "Those are not the dice"

"Why so?" I asked.

"Because"— He stopped short. He couldn't own that I had been robbed of a set of dice.

"Crack 'em," I said to the landlord.

Reluctantly he put one of them down on the hearthstone and cracked it. There was the lead plain enough.

The men and the landlord stared at one another, surprised. Meanwhile I had backed to a safe position and had my hand on my pistol. Hearing the stroke of a steamboat bell—a signal to bank fires—I knew that a boat was about to land.

"You men produce my money," I said, "or I'll see what I can do when that boat lands."

The landlord was in no mood for the reputation such a charge would give his place, and after a few words with the others he returned me my losings.

I don't think I should have had the courage to demand my money had I not heard that stroke of a steamboat bell. It came in the nick of time. I stuffed the funds into my pocket, ran upstairs for my belongings and down again, keeping a sharp lookout and my hand on my pistol. Then before going to the landing I said: "You've done the right thing. Never fear that I'll peach on you." The men who had disgorged looked very ugly, but as I could be seen by those on the boat going from the tavern to the landing I felt safe to walk there with my back to those who I knew under other circumstances would shoot me.

GEORGE DISNEY MILLS.

Among the Exchanges

Commenting on the decision of the municipal authorities of Danville to macadamize some of the streets of that town the Milton Evening Standard advises against the movement by saying: "This is where Danville is making a grave mistake. A few years ago Milton spent over twenty thousand dollars on macadam streets and if the councilmen of our sister borough will come over and "view the ground" we think they will go back home convinced that macadam is only a temporary repair."

In the city of Wilkes-Barre the Women's Affiliated clubs are about organizing a charitable work, which should find its counterpart in every city and large borough in the state. The Wilkes-Barre Record refers to the project and its excellent features by saying: "As the Record understands the purpore, it is to employ a professional nurse to visit the families of the poor where sickness exists, she to follow up the orders of the physician with practical demonstration of the proper methods of care. An occasional visit to a home in which there is typhoid fever would be of invaluable benefit to the unprofessional family nurse. There is a good deal to be learned in the giving of baths and in meeting the numerous emergencies that may arise.

I Will.

By S. E. Kiser.

I will start anew this morning with a higher, fairer creed;
I will cease to stand complaining of my ruthless neighbor's greed;
I will cease to sit repining while my duty's call is clear,
I will waste no moment whining and my heart shall know no fear.

I will look sometimes about me for the things that merit praise;
I will search for hidden beauties that elude the grumbler's gaze;
I will try to find contentment in the paths that I must tread.
I will cease to have resentment when another moves ahead.

I will not be swayed by envy when my rival's strength is shown;
I will not deny his merit, but I'll strive to prove my own;
I will try to see the beauty spread before me, rain or shine—
I will cease to preach your duty and be more concerned with mine.

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the stockholders of the CHARLEROI BRICK WORKS, a corporation of the State of Pennsylvania, has been called to convene at the general office of the company at North Charleroi, Pa. 10 o'clock a. m. on the 2nd day of June, 1902, for the purpose of voting for or against an increase of the indebtedness.

W. S. BROWMAN, Secretary

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THE WEEK of PROBATION.

By MARTHA C. SANFORD.

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Dorothy's love affairs had come to a crisis. Three proposals in as many weeks put literally a stop to her coquetry. A decision had to be made.

So she composed a form letter, brief and noncommittal, and mailed a copy to each of the three anxious aspirants. It read as follows:

My Dear Mr. ——: Please do not come to see me again for a week or until I give you permission. I am thinking things over. Very cordially yours,

DOROTHY BRETT.

Not that Dorothy seriously meant to do any tall amount of thinking. The week of probation would save her all that trouble. The test would be simple enough. Of the one whose absence should make her heart grow fonder—of that one Dorothy would feel sure. She wondered dreamily why all girls did not resort to a solution so commendably automatic. It was so silly to allow oneself to be consumed for a prolonged period with nerve racking doubts and feverish fantasies. All one had to do was to assume a passive frame of mind—and wait.

When Reginald Warren received Dorothy's laconic instructions he laughed long and confidently.

"So Dorothy actually believes it's necessary to think it over," he commented. "Bless her heart, she shall be allowed that privilege if she wants it. As if there could be the least doubt!"

Right here Reginald broke off his soliloquy and whistled, for in sorting over his mail he had come upon another envelope in Dorothy's handwriting. It bore the name of Mr. Robert Butler, but was addressed by accident to Reginald's street and number.

Reginald balanced the letter tentatively in his hand. "How many more, I wonder?" he asked himself. "Shall I forward it to Butler or return it to Dorothy?" In a misguided moment he decided upon the latter alternative.

Dorothy was furious when the letter came back to her. She recognized Reginald's handwriting and immediately consigned him to the oblivion he deserved. How did he dare treat her slip of the pen humorously, for that was what he had done, of course! She could tell it from the rollicking style of the penmanship. Had he been a gentleman he would have forwarded it to Robert and spared her the humiliation of knowing what a telltale blunder she had made.

SHE WAITED IMPATIENTLY FOR CENTRAL TO GET THE NUMBER.

Robert Butler, of course profited by his rival's hasty faux pas—temporarily, that is—for, receiving no warning to the contrary, he continued to call upon Dorothy and found her so engagingly gracious that his emotions soared once more to the point of a proposal. Simultaneously Dorothy's hospitality fell to the freezing point, and the following morning she mailed Robert his delayed ultimatum.

The week of probation went by with no word or sign from the third handle of Dorothy's overfull loving cup. This unpardonable negligence piqued her not a little.

"Ned might at least have taken the trouble to find out if I really meant it," she argued, with proverbially feminine logic. "It's positive proof that he's indifferent. Well, he'll find out that I can be indifferent too. I'll write to—I'll write to Reginald Warren this very night and tell him"—

She took up her pen with an air of determination. One beginning after another was dashed boldly off, read over with misgivings and finally discarded.

Reginald himself interrupted these spasmodic outbursts.

"Oh, I was just writing to you, Mr. Warren!" was Dorothy's more or less fluttering welcome.

"Dorothy—my own!" Reginald exclaimed jubilantly.

She saw the gleam of happiness that lighted his eyes and quickly drew her hand away from his ardent clasp.

"How did you dare to come before I had written to tell you?" she asked defensively.

Reginald laughed easily.

"Because I knew what you would write, dearest, and the week of my enforced absence is up tonight, you know."

The amazing assurance of this lover struck Dorothy dumb for the moment. It was as though the man's real character had revealed itself in a flash. He had taken her answer for granted. Dorothy's vacillating little heart grew hot with rebellion and prompted her to take recourse in very daring strategy.

"I was writing to tell you that I am engaged to some one else," she announced bravely.

Reginald stared at her. Slowly the situation dawned upon him.

"So Mr. Butler is the lucky man, then?" he answered sneeringly. "I did not realize that he was a rival until I got his letter by mistake. Doubtless that was your acceptance of him, Miss Brett, that I remailed to you. I shall certainly take pleasure in congratulating him at my first opportunity. Good night."

"No, no; wait!" called Dorothy as soon as she could recover from the shock of this man's anger. But it was too late.

"Heavens!" she gasped. "Suppose he announces my engagement to Robert Butler!"

She rushed to the telephone and waited impatiently for central to get the number.

"Is this Mr. Butler? This is Dorothy Brett. What? You recognized my voice the very first word? You were expecting me to call up?" (Dorothy made a very little face.) "Well, I just wanted to tell you that I am engaged to Ned Hamilton. What? You say he denied it this very afternoon? Well, you see, I wanted to tell you about it myself! Why, thank you, Mr. Butler. I'm sure we shall be. Come to see me. Good night."

Again Dorothy waited with the receiver close to her little pink ear, this time with almost dancing anticipation.

"Oh, Ned, is this really you? Where have you been all this week? It seems a month. It's my own fault. Well, Ned, could you possibly come over this evening? You can't? Got to take whom to the theater? Oh, your sister! Goodness! I thought you said Leicester somebody. Well, do find some one else to take her. You see, I just telephoned Mr. Butler that you and I are engaged and— That's what I said—engaged! I had to. Um-hum. Now hurry!"

Ned put on his "seven league boots" and hurried.

"Dorothy," he gasped when he reached her, breathless, but happy, "do you really mean that I'm the lucky dog?"

"Of course!" she answered, laughing at his boyish incredulity. "Who else did you s'pose?"

"Why, I don't know, dearest. I guess I was a bit shaky about Butler and that Warren fellow. Warren's been boasting, in fact, that you'd soon announce your engagement to him."

"The little beast!" exclaimed Dorothy, flushing. But her anger died down as suddenly as it came.

"Oh, Ned, I'm so happy!" she whispered, for by this time Ned had her in his arms and was making up for lost time. "It was awfully risky of you leaving me alone for a whole week," she chided. "I came very near accepting Reginald Warren not more than an hour ago."

Ned loosened his hold of her slightly.

"Out of spite," Dorothy added roguishly, "'cause you didn't care enough to come for your answer."

"But you asked me not to come till you gave me permission," he reminded her.

"Didn't you see the special postscript on the inside of the envelope—on the flap?"

Ned drew the envelope from his pocket. It had been cut open at the top. He folded back the flap.

"If you get very anxious," he read, "you needn't wait."

"Dorothy," he exclaimed, kissing her rapturously, "if I had only known!"

"Men have no curiosity," she sighed happily, "and no imagination. They lose a lot of fun."

An Extraordinary Dinner.

Sir Frank Lascelles had some exciting experiences in the course of his diplomatic career. He was with Sir Edward Malet in Paris in 1870 during the siege and the commune and told the story of an extraordinary dinner which they had at the embassy shortly after a cannon ball had driven in the front wall and reduced the kitchen to ruins. A general retreat was made to the cellar. And here the two Englishmen solemnly arrayed themselves in dress clothes and sat down to dine in as much "state" as possible, amid a hopeless jumble of treasured bric-a-brac, valuables, clocks, china, etc., for not a scrap of the usual ceremony and etiquette was waived despite the incongruous surroundings. "It looked like the haunt of brigands," Sir Edward wrote to a friend, "who had just ransacked a stately castle and brought the booty hither, while in the center in vivid contrast of neatness with disorder was the table laid out for dinner, with its white tablecloth and silver candlesticks and, to crown incongruities, Frank Lascelles and myself in evening dress and white ties, waited on by the stately butler and embassy servants."—London Tit-Bits.

A Human Oddity.

Most men are queer, but some are queerer. A prize winner in the second class drew the eyes of the entire company upon him in amazement as they sat around a table in a downtown restaurant at luncheon. They had been discussing apartment house life when one of the party turned to the man next him and asked:

"By the way, Jim, how many rooms have you in your flat?"

"Blessed if I know," said Jim. "My wife can tell you. I can't. Never counted 'em."

"Well, isn't he a bird?" whispered a man opposite. "Wonder if he knows how many fingers and toes he has?"—New York Globe.

THE MAN WITH THE RED BEARD

[Original.]

It was in the wildest part of New Mexico during the wildest part of that region's history that a powerfully built man with a red beard and steel gray eye was walking along the main street of G. Hearing a step behind him, he turned quickly, drawing his revolver at the same moment. A greaser was about to plunge ten inches of steel into the red bearded man's back, but the latter was too quick for him and dropped the knife with a pistol ball, covering the hand with blood.

In a moment the street was full of greasers. They seemed to pop up from every corner. They surrounded the man with the red beard, knocked him down and had the life nearly kicked out of him when the sheriff came along and took him to jail. There he was in the hands of greasers, who put him in irons and tortured him in every possible way for three weeks, then, getting tired of him, turned him loose.

The red bearded man wandered northward—legs, arms and head in bandages—till he met a circus. To the manager he said:

"Goin' south?"

"Reckon."

"Stop at G.?"

"Yes. G.'s on the date book."

"Want a hand?"

"We need one or two more men to put up and take down the tents."

"I'm with you."

The red bearded man worked well, notwithstanding his bruises. The circus men called him Redbeard. They found it necessary to stand together while in that region, and the shout "Hey, Rube!" was frequently given. When some one of their number was attacked by greasers he would give the cry, and every circus man would at once lay about him, breaking as many bones of male citizens as possible.

There were an afternoon and an evening performance at G. The evening show was crowded with greasers, about every person in the town being on hand. During the day Redbeard had collected a lot of stakes and poles of various kinds and piled them outside of the main tent. He was not observed saying much of anything to his comrades, nor did they say much to each other or any one else. There was that dogged look on their faces that portended a storm. Among the audience was the greaser who had tried to knife the red bearded man and several men who had tortured him while he was in jail. He spotted them.

The show was over, and the audience was leaving the tent when Redbeard, his beard looking redder than ever in the big light that illuminated it and his steely eye darting fire, leaped upon the pile of improvised weapons he had collected and, filling his lungs with air, gave one long wild shout:

"Hey, Rube!"

Every man connected with the circus made a dash for the pile. There were tentmen in ordinary apparel, there were ostlers in high boots, there were negro minstrels in burnt cork and there were riders in spangled tights. Every man of them seized his cudgel, swung it in the air and brought it down on the nearest greaser. The women and children scurried away like hens and chickens to coop through a storm of wind and hail and lightning. Some of the greasers had their knives and pistols with them, but they had no opportunity to get together to make a united fight. Wherever they attempted to strike they were beaten down by a shower of oaken stakes.

Redbeard seemed to be saving himself for special objects. The first of his old enemies he espied dodging about in the melee was the sheriff who had arrested him. Redbeard made a dive for him, swung his club high in the air and brought it down on the man's skull. He sank like a steer in a slaughter house. Then came the turn of the greaser who had attempted the knifing. Redbeard found him on the ground where he had just fallen, tripped in the melee, and jumped upon him with a pair of boots alone heavy enough to stun him. In another moment the greaser's head was a jelly. Lastly, Redbeard attended to his jailers. One he held on a flaming torch used to light a peanut stand. Another he poked with an iron pointed stake. His thirst for revenge was unsatisfied till he had settled his account with every one of them.

When the affray was over there were a score of bodies on the ground, all of them greasers, either dead or badly wounded. There were others who had either been carried away or had been able to drag themselves off the field. The remainder had fled ignominiously. The manager, realizing that the affair was an unusual one, acted accordingly. He did not fear a rally that night, but he dared not go farther south to return through G. To return by any other route was impracticable, so he concluded to go directly northward.

Before dawn everything was packed in the wagons and the show turned away from the scene of Redbeard's vengeance. The men of the company formed a rear guard under the direction of Redbeard, who as a fighting man had won their entire confidence. They were followed for a short distance by a few greasers, but so few that, realizing the futility of interfering with the retreat, they soon gave it up and returned to G.

As to Redbeard, as soon as there was no longer use for his military service he left the company to go no one knew where. Since the fight circuses have kept away from that region unless well fixed for defense. Nothing so incenses the greaser of these parts as the two short words:

"Hey, Rube!"

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LODGES VISIT CHURCHES

(Continued from first page

being taken from Isaiah 62:1, as follows.

"For Zion's sake I will hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest, until her righteousness go forth as brightness, and her salvation as a lamp that burneth."

He defined fully the meaning of the word patriot, saying "A patriot is one who is zealously devoted to the service of his country and who seeks that country's highest interests. The real friend of America desires for his country a reputaton for righteousness among the nations, and that we shall be saved from all that is degrading and unworthy. The patriot will stand for education and culture and general intelligence among the people. These things are essential to the highest well being of any nation, especially is this true of a republic.

"Your orders stand against the admission of criminals, insane, idiots, and paupers into our land from other countries. Of course you stand against any institution which makes criminals paupers, etc. out of good American citizens. The right may seem to be defeated at times, but there can be no doubt as to the final outcome. Righteousness must triumph.

"You believe in such regulation of industrial affairs as will give equal opportunity to all. I am glad our country has become thoroughly aroused on this matter. Our political and business life reeks with injustice which denies an equal right to all. Privileges to our favorites and ruin for the other fellow has too long been the motto. A system of graft, rebating and rottenness has grown up which endangers our national life. And in the final analysis, nothing but personal righteousness is patriotism. The best thing you can do for your country is to give your life all to God's service.

Photography.

Practical photography first saw the light in 1839. On February 21 of that year Talbot, who had obtained permanent prints and camera images as early as 1835, published his process. Daguerre's was published on August 19, and somewhere between those two dates Ponton, in a paper read at the Royal Scottish Society of Arts, made known to the world his discovery that soluble organic matter, in the presence of an alkaline bichromate, was rendered insoluble by exposure to light—a discovery the value of which was not recognized for some years, but which is the basis of all that is included in "process work."—New York American.

LION TAMER TALKS OF PETS.

Timid Animals Less to His Liking Than the Pugnacious Ones.

A lion tamer, over his midnight supper, talked shop.

"The timid lion is the only one I fear," he said. "The fierce, pugnacious lion is my joy. What a show he gives the people for their money! Growling hideously, wrinkling his great face in dreadful snarls, gnashing his teeth and threatening to strike me with his paw, he goes through his tricks, and the audience is held in a delicious suspense, half hoping, half fearing, that the big brute will chew me up before their eyes.

"Yes, the fierce lion assures a fine attractive turn. But the timid one!

"The timid lion, just when you want to give your best show, will whimper with terror at the crack of the whip, and slink off to the farthest corner of the cage, and, turning its back to you, lie down and bury its face in its paws. Gelienna!

"But, say, do you know what I've been known to do? I've been known to dope up timid lions. Yes, sir, doped them up till they were maniacal. That's dangerous, too. Batty like that, they might do for you."

GREAT CONDUCTOR HAD HUMOR.

Witty and Genial Remarks Credited to Dr. Hans Richter.

Countless are the stories of the geniality of Dr. Hans Richter, the famous musician. While rehearsing a Mozart symphony in which the first violins had a number of delicate trills and turns to perform, these were played too heavily for Richter, who said:

"Please, gentlemen, pianissimo! Queen Mab—not suffragettes."

Again, when on one occasion Richter was not thoroughly satisfied with the orchestra rendering of a scene from "Tristan and Isolde," he stopped the rehearsal and asked for more dignity in the playing, adding that Isolde was the daughter of a king, not of a cook. On another occasion, while rehearsing Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" music, the violoncellos had a very passionate melody to play. Richter was by no means satisfied that the needful warmth of expression had been obtained.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," said he, "you all play like married men, not lovers."

Smart Preacher.

Little four-year-old Carrie went with her aunt to church. The preacher was very earnest in his delivery, and she was much interested. "Mother," said she, when she came home, "I've heard such a smart minister. He stamped and pounded, and made such a noise, and then he got so mad he shook his fists at the folks, and there wasn't anybody dared go up and fight him."

A Leap Year Round Robin.

[Original.]

In large cities marriages among the so called higher classes are decreasing. A young man even of means has many things to deter him from matrimony and many things to induce him to remain single. Housekeeping in style is expensive, while there are magnificent clubhouses in which a bachelor may spend his leisure.

At a social gathering of young ladies the indisposition of eligible men to marry was under discussion. Miss Markham declared that it was the fault of the girls that they did not use the sex's privilege to snare the bachelors. "Now, there's Guy Harrison," she said. "He's entirely eligible in every respect. He's president, vice president and director of no end of companies, and everything he touches turns to money. He's thirty-five, well educated, refined and intellectual. Why hasn't some girl appropriated him? Men don't think of marrying, or if they do they consider it in the remote future till they are snared."

"Very well," said Miss Boyd, a spinster of thirty, "consider yourself appointed to snare Mr. Harrison."

"Thank you for the honor conferred upon me, but I am not inclined to do all the work myself. I will, however, join in a round robin with the others present with a view to accomplishing the purpose. Let us each write a leap year letter to Mr. Harrison proposing marriage. This will arrest his attention and force him either to choose one of us or appear ungallant."

"Bravo!" shouted every girl present. "How delightful! Come; let us begin."

Letters were written by five young ladies, each one of whom signed an assumed name to her epistle. Miss Boyd refrained on the ground that at her age it would be highly improper to offer herself. To this the others assented. She was surely passe, though a very attractive woman. She wrote Mr. Harrison that she would be pleased to have him send his reply to her and call upon her for information concerning the writers. Then all the letters were put into the postoffice at one time, that they might be received together. Miss Boyd promised as soon as a reply was received to call the candidates to her house to hear it read.

A week passed, and, not hearing from their medium, the young ladies became impatient. Then after consultation they resolved to go to her house and ask if a reply had not been received. Miss Boyd received them, somewhat embarrassed and with a faint color in her cheeks. She admitted that she had received a reply and handed it to Miss Markham to read:

Dear Miss Boyd—I heartily approve of the leap year plan adopted by certain young ladies, but disapprove of any lady who was present shirking her part in it. I shall withhold my selection until satisfied that every woman present at the time the round robin was decided on has sent in her proposal.

The girls all looked at each other. Miss Boyd proved equal to the occasion. "It is evidently a ruse," she said, "to gain time. To accommodate you I will take measures to bring him to a decision by writing a proposal. It will be a mere form. My identity will be the only one he will know. He will then plan for further delay by asking for the names of the others. But do not despair; some of you will bring him down yet." This view of the case satisfied the candidates, and the young ladies went away. All admitted that a middle aged man would be sure to choose, if at all, from among the youngest candidates.

Another week passed without word from Miss Boyd. The young ladies, growing impatient, went again in a body to her house. Again she received them with embarrassment and this time refused to show a reply she had received. Attacked front, flanks and rear, she at last yielded. The reply was this:

Dear Miss Boyd—I return certain anonymous letters received by me recently, none of which interests me. Your proposition will be considered and a reply sent you later.

There was a blank stare on the faces of the candidates. Then Miss Boyd, recovering her equanimity, said:

"Our plan has failed. It has been evident from the first that Mr. Harrison is sufficiently adroit to get out of the trap without appearing ungallant."

"Ungallant!" cried one of the girls. "Is it gallant to say to a woman who proposes that her reply will be sent later, with a view not to sending it at all?"

This remark gave the impression held by the girls, and all took their departure feeling that the plan had miscarried. Indeed, each girl, though her identity was unknown to the snubber, felt that she had been snubbed.

A month passed, and the episode was nearly forgotten. Occasionally Miss Boyd would be asked if anything more had come of the matter, to which she invariably replied:

"You silly girl! Wasn't it plain to you that Mr. Harrison was too smart for you all?"

But one morning each of the five rejected candidates rushed to the other four, exclaiming, "Have you seen it?"

"Yes. Isn't it shameful?"

"Catch me again employing a woman as a go-between in such an affair!"

The occasion of this comment was an item in the society columns of a newspaper:

The engagement is announced of Mr Guy D. Harrison to Miss Margaret Boyd.

"You are all wrong!" said a married woman to one of the ex-candidates on hearing the invidious remarks. "Margaret Boyd is only twenty-nine, and there has never been a time that she couldn't get almost any bachelor in the city she wanted."

CONSTANCE WILD.

PERSONAL MENTION

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph W. Barnett, of Homestead were visitors in Charleroi yesterday with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Barnett, of Lincoln avenue.

Miss Ruth Worcester, of Homestead formerly of this place was visiting friends in Charleroi yesterday.

Miss Celia Schasney of Latrobe is in Charleroi spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. Chas. Finkbeiner.

Mrs. B. Krakover was in Pittsburg yesterday visiting friends.

George Barnett was a visitor in Beaver Saturday night with friends.

Frank Powell spent Sunday at his home in Mingo.

Mrs. Leslie Campbell and daughter Dorothy of McKean avenue have left for Parnassus to spend a few days with the former's sister, Mrs. J. W. McConnell.

Abe Oppenheim, Abe Levinston and Louis Goldberg spent Sunday in Monongahela with friends.

Miss Viola Darby who is employed as a milliner at California spent Sunday with her parents in Charleroi.

John W. Beaumont and family of Monongahela are spending several days in Charleroi with Miss Estelle Baduoux. They will leave on Friday for New York to sail Saturday for England.

Mrs. K. N. Gaut of Irwin is spending a few days with her son, William Gaut, of the Walfred hotel.

Miss Sadie Riffle left today for her home in Adah, Fayette county, being accompanied to Brownsville by Mrs. Evan Kelly.

Miss Elizabeth Nickeson, who has been visiting at the home of Mrs. J. Walters, Washington, has returned to her home in Charleroi.

CREAM PUFFS NOT SATISFYING.

Made Somewhat Meager Repast for Hungry Traveler.

"The hungriest I ever was in my life," remarked one Bert Foster, well-known Cleveland traveler and clubman, the other day, "was at a little station down in Texas one day where the train stopped five minutes for luncheon. I went in and grabbed up a couple of sandwiches—the last ones they had—and the only things I saw on the counter that were eatable, and then rushed back on the train, for if I missed the train I would have had to stay there over night. The sandwiches were all that stood between me and starvation, for there was no dining car on the train and the next stop where one could buy things to eat was about 150 miles farther on. You can figure it out for yourself how anxious I was to get after the two sandwiches. I bit into one of them and what do you think the sandwich was? It was a cream puff! Two cream puffs—that I had thought were sandwiches. That was all that I had to fill up the great void in my insides. I might as well have had a couple of hickory nuts. Nice jolly situation for a starving man, that, wasn't it?"

A Distinction.

Five-year-old Deborah had been invited to take luncheon at a restaurant with Miss K.

"Do you like cocoa?" she was asked.

When the answer was "Yes," the beverage was duly brought, but remained untasted.

At last Miss K. said: "Why don't you drink your cocoa, Deborah, when you said you wanted it?"

"I didn't say I wanted it," replied the child, politely; "I only said I liked it." — Woman's Home Companion.

THE CHARLEROI MAIL WANT COLUMN

ONE CENT PER WORD each insertion if PAID IN ADVANCE. No ad. taken for less than 25 cents. This rate includes Lost, For Rent, For Sale, Found, Wanted, Etc.

FOR SALE—The frame stable on property of Mrs. A. F. Chandler, Crest avenue, Charleroi, Pa. Inquire Charleroi Real Estate Agency Co. 221t2

FOR SALE—Four Ligonier Buggies with steel and rubber tires; also one hydraulic cider mill, capacity 60 barrels a day. Inquire S. T. Chester, or Harper Bros., Charleroi, Pa. 215tf

WANTED—Everybody to know that the Mail takes orders for high class engraving of calling cards and invitations. 143tf

CARDS—Call and see our samples of stylish calling cards. Printed or engraved. Charleroi Mail. 134 tf

W. M. PEECOOK
Plumbing, Steam and Gas Fitting
REPAIR WORK OF ALL KINDS
309 Second St., Charleroi, Pa.

This is the Time

To think about absolute protection for your valuables. It may be too late when fire breaks out or burglars come.

For a small charge you can rent a Safe Deposit Box in the Fire and Burglar Proof Vault of the Charleroi Savings & Trust Company and know that everything you put there is secure.

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES TO RENT, $5.00 AND UP PER YEAR

Charleroi Savings & Trust Co.
CHARLEROI, PENNSYLVANIA.
4 per cent. Interest Paid on Savings Accounts
Compounded twice a year
Capital and Undivided Profits $140,000.00

CHI-NAMEL LEE,
A BOLD CHINEE,
Is looking for the trade, you see;
His goods are great,
And sure as fate
He'll demonstrate
Chi-Namel's great utility.

Why can he do this? CHI-NAMEL is a varnish made to walk upon. It does not mar; it goes farther; lasts longer; water has no effect upon it; it is beautiful in color and gloss; in fact, it has every quality that you would demand in a varnish, either clear or colored.

A trial can will convince you. Chinese Wood Oil does it.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY
The Ohio Varnish Co.
CLEVELAND, OHIO.
FOR SALE BY
T. P. GRANT,
424 Fallowfield Ave., Charleroi Pa.

... BRICK ...
California Clay Manufacturing Co.
Get our Prices on
Common and Face Brick
Room 21, Trust Co. Bldg. CHARLEROI, PA.

Marlin

THE Marlin Model 1894 is a medium light weight repeating rifle, a well proportioned, finely balanced gun with all the advantages and comforts of the Marlin solid-top, side-ejecting construction. It is quick and easy of operation, accurate up to 300 yards and a very pleasant gun to carry and to shoot.

For settled districts and farming country where the shooting at woodchucks, badgers, foxes, coons, hawks, etc., is at ranges from 100 to 200 yards, the .25-20 and .32-20 rifles with the black, low-pressure smokeless loads cannot be equalled for accuracy and safety. The factory ammunition for the Model '94 rifles is cheap, and can be reloaded at very small cost.

The up-to-date sportsman needs the "Marlin Book" every day in the year. It contains 136 pages of live stuff for the man who loves a good gun, and wants to know everything about it. FREE for 3 stamps postage.

The Marlin Firearms Co.
42 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

GOING TO BUILD THIS SPRING

Home makers should pay as much, if not more attention to the plumbing that goes into the home than anything else. The advice and services of a good plumber will save you much trouble in the future. We will be glad to figure with you on any job, large or small.

J. M. Fleming, Plumbing,
305 McKean Ave., Charleroi, Pa.

Notice! Intend Going Abroad?

All indications point to a heavy traveling season and choice accommodations are rapidly being reserved.
AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT
File your application for berths at once.
Oldest Steamship Agency in Upper Monongahela Valley
FRANK RIVA Sole Agency for the World Renowned Domestic Machine
524 Fallowfield Ave.

Buying Furniture for Spring Is One of the Thoughts of the Season

In this connection you have also doubtless thought that you would visit Pfleghardt's. Well, we are ready for you. The goods have been coming by the car-load and we are pretty sure we have what you want.

PFLEGHARDT'S
530-532 Fallowfield Ave. Charleroi, Pa.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

THE CHARLEROI MAIL

Entered second class mail at Charleroi, June 16, 1900, according to Act of Congress of March 3, 1879

VOL. 8. No. 223 CHARLEROI, WASHINGTON CO., PA. MONDAY, APRIL 27, 1908 One Cent

CHARLEROI MAN FALLS FROM ATTIC WINDOW

In House Across River Billingsly Accidentaly Drops Forty Feet.

REPORT WAS STARTED

That Highwaymen Had Thrown Him From Bridge But Proven Untrue.

Saturday evening, Marsh Billingsly, a Charleroi glass worker residing Eighth street and McKean avenue fell or was thrown from the attic window of a house near the new bridge on the Monessen side of the river and was badly used up, having his left leg broken near the thigh, a rib broken, and sustained bruises about the head. He was rendered unconscious by the fall.

The distance of the fall would probably be about forty feet. The ground is not very hard below which fact probably saved Billingsly from death.

The happening was about seven o'clock, and the man was not found until late in the evening. Dr. McKay dressed the injuries and the man was sent to the Memorial Hospital, Monongahela, where he is getting along as well as can be expected.

It was as first reported that highwaymen had set upon Billingsly on the bridge, and after robbing him, threw him over the side. This is given as the story of the man himself, and was printed in yesterday's Pittsburg papers.

Investigations were made yesterday by detectives and officers both from Charleroi and Monessen. They found that Billingsly had been seen at a little after six o'clock in a window of an empty house near the bridge, and the second from the river. Another fact of importance which thoroughly disproved the highwaymen story was the finding of Billingsly's hat and umbrella in the room where he was seen. It is said he had been drinking, and had gone into the house to rest.

As the house bears a bad name, it being said that it is a poker joint, it is thought possibly by some that the man was thrown from the windows, but this is generally disbelieved by those who have investigated.

Fight Getting Interesting.

Washington, Pa., April 25.—(Special.—The fight for County Superintendent in Washington county is now growing very warm owing to the active canvass being made by all of the aspirants. Those who have already announced and have been in the field for some time are E. B. Enoch of Washington, George Norris of Burgettstown, Charles McCormick of Union township, W. D. Wright of Charleroi, L. R. Crumrine of Washington and Daniel Gayman of Charleroi.

The directors will meet in convention on Tuesday, May 5, in the Town Hall of this place, when the election will take place. The fight will be closer than for years. It is expected that every one of the 396 directors in the county will be present.

Professor Frank R. Hall, who has held the office of County Superintendent for 12 years or four terms, declined to be an applicant for the position the fifth time owing to his health, although it was conceded that he would be elected.

WILL VISIT WASHINGTON LODGE TOMORROW

Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener, of Charleroi, will pay Washington lodge, No. 776, an official visit tomorrow evening. Several other officers and out of town Elks are expected to be present. The regular semi-monthly meeting of the lodge is to be held at 7:30 o'clock, to be followed by one of the biggest banquets ever given by the Washington Elks.

Among the honor guests expected to be present are GrandTrustee Mayor Charles Schmidt, Wheeling; Judge Charles McKenna, Pittsburg; District Deputy Charles Ashley, McKeesport, and a large number of Elks from the lodges of Charleroi, Monongahela, Canonsburg, Waynesburg, and Wheeling.

What Happened.

When the Pennsylvania Railroad loan was announced Wall street gasped. Wall street had been telling itself there was no more money in all the world, because it had not been able to get any last fall to try its margin trading. But when the loan was subscribed and the new bonds were bid up two or three points before being issued the Steet was amazed. Then it took heart and the result was graphically pictured in yeterday's trading. United States Steel, preferred, for example, went above par and the whole list was lifted as if by magic.

Such is the contagion of thought on the exchange. Not a dollar has been added to the value of the natural resources of the country. They are just what they were in January. Winter wheat was then in the ground and giving promise of a harvest, there was every reason to believe the other staple crops would turn out well: gold and silver and copper were in the hills to be had for the digging; Oklahoma and Illinois were producing more oil than anbyody needed for his lamps. These conditions remain and they are no more certain than they were then. But something has happened, for the whole outlook has changed in Wall street.

The thing that happened was that one man, or several, who were not blinded by fear, saw and believed in the wealth of the developing resources. They showed their faith by borrowing money—or, if you please, by lending some money—to aid that development. And because those men had proved their wisdom in the past Wall street saw and believed, too. strange, isn't it? And Wall Street has been supposed by some to have a corner on financial wisdom!—Dispatch.

Contracts Let.

The Wilbur, Arthur and Wellington hotels have let the contract for their spring papering. The Collins Wall Paper company were the lowest bidders and were awarded the contract.

"E. C. DeWitt and Co., Chicago, Ill.—Gentlemen—In 1897 I had a disease of the stomach and bowels. In the spring of 1902 I bought a bottle of Kodol and the benefit I received all the gold in Georgia could not buy. May you live long and prosper. Yours very truly, C. N. Cornell, Roding, Ga., Aug. 27, 1906." Sold by Piper Bros. eodtf

Cyclists.

The palm is given to Sid Baxter and Co. for their novelty wire cycling act. At the Star. 223t2

MINER KILLED AT CATSBURG ABOUT NOON

Joseph Forth Was Killed At Catsburg Mine By Fall Of Slate.

Joseph Toth working in the Catsburg mine was killed about noon Saturday by a fall of sale. Deceased is 29 years of age and leaves a wife and two children in the old country. The remains were taken to Scurfield's undertaking rooms where they will be prepared for burial. Toth had just quit work and sat down to eat his dinner when the roof slate fell killing him instantly.

Increase of Pensions.

Under date of April 20, 1908, Capt. D. Ashworth, the U. S. Pension Agent in Pittsburg, Pa., received instructions from the Pension Bureau relative to the Act of April 19, 1908, granting an increase of pension to $12.00 per month to all widows, miners and helpless children now on the rolls at a less rate.

No application is required from the pensioners now on the rolls to obtain the increasd rate, but the same will be paid by Capt. Ashworth July 4, 1908, upon receipt of the voucher, properly executed, which is now in possession of the pensioners. The present pension certificates should be retained until its return shall have been requested by the Pension Agent room whom the pension is received.

THOUSANDS SEEKING WORK ON FARMS

Thousands of idle men are seeking work on farms and the indications are that the largest crops in the history of the United States will be raised this year. The fact that farm labor is more plentiful than it has been for years has created an unprecedented demand for seeds, especially corn, and seed dealers never were so busy as they are at present. The fact, too, that so many men have been out of employmnet has caused a rush in the seed markets.

Men living in the suburbs who have garden space about their homes are putting in gardens and as a result thousands are busy with the spade, hoe and rake. Big crops mean prosperity and those who have kept in touch wth the general situation say that conditions never looked better for banner crops of every description. According to an old tradition Leap Year always witnesses a big fruit crop and this year will prove no exception to that rule. Cherries and peaches promise to be especially plentiful.

Street Carnival

The Scott-Rankin Shows which opens for a weeks engagement at California May 11 is an innovation in open air amusements, combining Circus, Theatrical, Vaudeville and Carnival features. The Management has digressed from the worn and eyesore features seen every year, and has endeavored to produce something out of the ordinary, something unique, realizing by years of experience that the public demands from amusement purveyors, novelties; these monster shows have been arranged along these lines. The visitors to these shows will witness metropolitan features on every side. Quality not quantity.

The show ground will be a place to drive away dull cares. Wonderful gymnasts, funny clowns and daring performers in every branch of amusement. Plenty of music, in fact, nothing left undone to make persons perpetual boosters for the shows.

The show is given under the auspices of the California Military Band.

Vernon.

Clyde Vernon, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Vernon, of Fallowfield avenue died Sunday morning at 4:10 o'clock, aged 8 months and 22 days. Funeral services today at 2 o'clock from the home, conducted by Rev. Boblitt. Interment in the Charleroi cemetery.

Quick Change.

Bertha Talford holds some records for quick change. Also a song and dance artist. At the Star. 223t2

DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little liver pills. Sold by Piper Bros. eodtf.

MAY EXTEND P. C. & Y. RAILROAD INTO THIS COUNTY

The Undeveloped Coal-Fields Of Washington County will Shortly be Developed.

J. U. Schoonmaker, president of the Pittsburg, Chartiers and Youghiogheny Railroad, accompanied by a party of friends, made an inspection trip through southern Washington county yesterday, with a view to extending the P. C. and Y. to the local fields of that portion of the county. The party arrived in Washington on a special train, and taking automobiles left for Scenery Hill, the first stop, where lunch was taken. From there the party went to Millsworth and thence to Zollarsville, Lone Pine, Hackney, and then Prosperity, arriving in Washington about 7 o'clock.

President Schoonmaker informed Washington people that the object of the trip was to inspect the wonderful rich coal fields of the county, with a view to the ultimate extension of the railroad to the new eldorado. The mine along the P. Y. and C. are about exhausted and the road is compelled to reach out into new territory. Washington county is the most available field, with a deposit of coal of immense proportions, which will within the next few years be developed in many localities.

EXPENSE ACCOUNTS OF THE CANDIDATES

The time for the filing of expense accounts by candidates voted for at the recent primary expired last evening, but as yesterday was Sunday those who have not yet complied with the law will have a chance to gettheir statements in by 5 o'clock this evening.

The statements of J. K. Tener and E. F. Acheson, candidates for the Republican nomination for congress in the Twenty-fourth district were filed Saturday.

Mr. Tener's statement shows that $13,949.57 was received for his campaign fund and a like amount expended in the campaign. Mr. Tener contributed $3,315 to the fund. Among other contributors were George E. Tener $7,000, Robert McAfee, J. C. Oliver, F. Chandler, James Smith, Thomas V. Smith, John T. Connery $400 each; A. E. Marten and A. W. Horton, $300 each. The advertising account was a heavy item of expense. Over $1,400 was expended for watchers at various polling places.

Mr. Acheson's statement shows that no contributions were received. The total cost of his campaign was $5,600.15. His itemized expenditures cover sveral type written pages, and newspaper advertising figures largely in the accounts.

Wiliam E. Lane, the Republican nominee for county treasurer, spent $1,352. Of this amount $302 was paid for newspaper advertising, $210 for postage, $196 for railroad fares and $178 for dissemination of information. L. V. Martindell spent $700, and E. S. McIlvaine $164.

Alvin E. McCabe, who was candidate for the Republican nomination for Assembly, spent $165. Thomas Hill, the Republican nominee for county commissioner, spent $197.

Quick Change.

Bertha Falford holds some records for quick change. Also a song and dance artist. At the Star. 223t2

Special.

For Saturday and Monday a $10, fifty pound felt mattress for $7.50. Cerrell and Crowley, 333 McKean avenue. 221t2

Old, mellow and thoroughly matured—it possesses every essential of a genuinely fine, Kentucky liquor—that's why I. W. HARPER whiskey is the most popular. Sold by W. H. Zellers. 203t2wtf

Laugh A Word.

See "The Laugh a Word Man"—Lionel Paris at the Star tonight. 223t2

Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup acts promptly yet gently on the bowels, through which the cold is forced out of the system, and at the same time it allays inflammation. Sold by Piper Bros. eodtf

LODGES VISIT CHARLEROI CHURCHES SUNDAY MORNING

PRESS CLUB MEETS AT MONESSEN

The regular monthly meeting of the Valley Press Association was held in Monessen Saturday afternoon and evening, the newspaper men being the guests of the News and Independent. There was little business on hands and it was quickly dispensed with. Dinner was served at the Sheetz Hotel. The scribes later visited the theatres and enjoyed a splendid evening. Those present were Messrs. Couse, Brownsville Monitor, C. H. and L. M. Truxal, Belle Vernon Eterprise, Calvin and Lewis, Donora News, Koehler, Donora American, Niver, Charleroi Mirror, H. L. and A. H. Lamb, California Sentinel, Anderson, Monongahela Republican, Flint, Monongahela Times, Diehl and Watson, Independent and Schuck, News.

GOOD BILL FOR STAR THIS WEEK

All the acts at the Star this week are headliners. Each one of the performers is an artist in his line, and has the reputation of being unable to be beaten.

Lionel Taris, monologue comecian will produce a laugh with every word. Berth Falford, in a quick change song and dance act is a decided improvement on anything of the kind ever seen here. Sid Baxter and company have a refined act. They are novelty wire cyclists. New song and new pictures.

The First National Business show will be held in Duquesne Garden, beginning Tuesday evening at eight o'clock. Prizes will be given successful ones in the typewriting contest.

J. A. Bowman left this morning for Masontown to spend a few days.

Misses Francis and Tena Estenfelder spent Sunday with friends in New Kensington and Tarentum.

Miss Kate McPherson was an over Sunday visitor with friendsin Sewickley.

Harry Newcomber of Brownsville spent Sunday with his uncle J. Dawson.

Floyd Wingett, of Washington, Del., is visiting relatives in Charleroi today.

John Gress, of Greensburg returned home today after a visit with friends in this place.

Harry Hormell was a Sunday visitor with friends in Dunbar.

Laugh A Word.

See "The Laugh a Word Man"—Lionel Paris at the Star tonight. 223t2

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are prompt and thorough and will in a short time strengthen weakened kidneys and allay troubles arising from inflammation of the of the bladder. Sold by Piper Bros. eodtf

Cyclists.

The palm is given to Sid Baxter and Co. for their novelty wire cycling act. At the Star. 223t2

DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve. It is especially good for piles. Sold by Piper Bros. eodtf.

Odd Fellows Commemorate Eighty-Ninth Anniversary Of Organization.

SPECIAL SERMONS BY Methodist And Lutheran Ministers On Subject Of Fraternalism.

The eigthy-ninth anniversary of Odd-Fellowship in the United States was celebrated by the Charleroi lodge yesterday, as well as others throughout the union. For the occasion the local lodge went in a body to Christ Lutheran church, in the morning at 11 o'clock and listened to a sermon by Rev. C. E. Frontz, the pastor. He spoke interestingly on "The Friendship of Johnathan and David." Over a hundred Odd Fellows were in attendance. Special music was furnished by the Lutheran choir. The ladies trio, Mrs. Herman A. Heupel, Mrs. James Schnelbaugh and Miss Gertrude Minor, and a solo by Mrs. Heupel were features.

A few points of Rev. Frontz's follows, using the text, "The soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul." He said in part: "The league of friendship between the king's son and the incoming king for sincerity, constancy and romantic pathos is unrivaled in the annals of history. Whatever the cause, the facts remain, their hearts were blended as one so that their regards for each other was as tender as a mother's.

The first link in the mystic chain is Friendship. There can be no friendship without confidence, and no confidence without integrity. These two men put to shame much of the friendship of to-day. It was this God-like quality that entered into their relations, for the king's son, void of selfishness said "Thou shalt be king in Israel, and I shall be next thee."

The natural result of true friendship is the spirits reciprocation. Johnathan gave to David his robe, his garments, even his sword, bow and girdle. He frequently threw himself into the breach when David's life was threatened.

The middle link in this mystic chain is Love. This is beyond definition. If we can thoroughly undersand God then we have the meaning, for "God is Love." This central link explains your silent march to the widow's home, the care for the orphan, the sick calls and the comforting word. Love in your ranks makes your institution the light set on a hill. The third link is Truth. This is eternal. Every road with the finger board of truth placed at its entrance leads to God. Whether you travel by the way of philosophical research, scientific study, or theological investigation, you reach the same goal. Like the spokes in the wheel, they all center in the hub;—so all truth centers in God.

Rev. A. M. Doak, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church preached a strong sermon yesterday to the Charleroi lodge, Patriotic Order Sons of America. There were about one hundred lodge men in the body that marched from the Y. M. C. A. rooms to the church to listen to the discourse. Rev. Doak's subject was "What Is Patriotism", the text

(Continued on page four)

THE BEST SIGN

of a comfortable future is the possession of a bank book. It is an incentive that does much to encourage one's ambition to save. Open an account now with the First National Bank of Charleroi, and you will brighten your prospects for the present and future. Banking by Mail Accounts invited.

4 per cent Interest Paid on Savings Accounts

First National Bank

Charleroi, Pa.

Depository for the State of Pennsylvania.

Capital $50,000. Surplus and Profits, $140,000.

J. K. Tener, Pres. F. B. Newton, Vice-Pres. R. H. Rush, Cashier.

You Can Safely and Conveniently Bank With Us by Mail

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Our repairing department is a hospital for the treatment of disabled watches, clocks, jewelry, spectacles and silverware.

We think that we give you best sort of work; that is, the work that is done right the first time, the sort that some one else does not have to work on after we have left it, the sort that not only saves trouble, but really saves money for you in the end.

JOHN E. SCHAFER, Manufacturing Jeweler

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THE CHARLEROI MAIL

A Republican Newspaper.

Published Daily Except Sunday by

MAIL PUBLISHING COMPANY

Daily Mail Building, Fifth Street,

CHARLEROI, PA.

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S. W. SHARPNACK, . Sec'y & Treas.
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APRIL

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		

April 27 In History.

1759—Mary Wollstonecraft born; died 1794.

1882—Ralph Waldo Emerson, transcendentalist, died; born 1803.

1902—Hon. J. Sterling Morton, ex-secretary of agriculture and the "father of Arbor day," died; born 1832.

ASTRONOMICAL EVENTS.

Sun sets 6:48, rises 4:58; day's length fourteen hours; moon rises 4:15 a. m.; 7:42 p. m., conjunction between Saturn and the moon, the latter passing the planet from west to east 3 degrees and 12 minutes south thereof.

Facts,, Not Abuse Needed.

The great weakness of men who engage in advocating reform movements in general is mistaking personal abuse for argument.

Every public question should be discussed in a temperate and dispassionate manner. The facts connected with it should be clearly and fairly stated. If they have merit they will command the support of the people. If they have no merit a fair discussion will disclose that fact.

Wholesale denunciation has ever been a failure in securing public attention and winning support to a cause however meritorious that cause may have been. Imputing base motives to those who do not look at matters as you do, asserting that they are dishonest or dishonorable have lost so nearly every time that the few exceptions prove the rule.

It was said in the earlier days of New England that he was counted "the best orator who could call the most names" and the practice seems to have been adopted by some editors.

Instead of discussing a public question with logical inferences based upon cogent facts, a deluge of personal abuse seems a necessary part of placing a cause before the people.

Such a course inevitably leads to a disastrous end.

Repeal Necessary.

The Nation, the States and the country generally are suffering from a surfeit of laws. Let a man get a hobby and he never ceases riding it until it is enacted into law and—forgotten.

It is not an exaggeration to say that taking the country as a whole there are a million obsolete laws upon the statute books which no one knows and cares nothing and which are never enforced or obeyed.

What the Nation needs is a wholesale repealing of laws instead of the enactment of more.

Commissions, National and State, should be appointed to overhaul and search out these obsolete laws and and have them repealed. Every man elected to a law-making body acts as if it were incumbent upon him to draw up and have passed a multitude of new laws and the more he succeeds in incumbering the statute books with the greater statesman he deems himself.

Such a commission would probably unearth many useful and wholesome laws forgotten and unused that would come useful at present. No one knew the possibilities of the Sherman Act until it was exhumed from the grave of forgotten laws.

The Pittsburg authorities are making a commendable war against spitting in the streets of that city.

There is another feature of the sanitary crusade that is entirely overlooked and that is the habit of business men of sweeping the accumulation of the previous day's dirt and dust into the faces of passers-by morning.

Disease-breeding as the custom of spitting on the side walks undoubtedly as its evil effects are comparatively small to that produced by sweepings, when the streets are thronged by people on their way to work. Consider for a moment. Hundreds of persons enter the stores during the day, tracking the offal and filth where it dries and become granulated into dust then swept out in the morning for people to inhale into their throats and lungs.

It is a disease-breeder that needs suppression, the sooner the better.

HOLDING MISSION

A Two Week Mission By the Paulist Fathers At St. Jerome's Church.

The Rev. Frs.. Curtin and Quinn last evening began a two week's Mission at St. Jerome's church. The service were very impressive and interesting and the eloquent remarks of the clergymen were greatly enjoyed by the large congregation that gathered to hear them.

This morning at the 5-oclock Mass the church could not contain all who desired to hear the eloquent gentlemen and many disappointed ones had to turn away.

It is expected that a strong spiritual interest will be awakened by their visit here and great good arise.

HURT GREAT ARTIST'S FEELINGS

John Lambert's Witty Rebuke to Vain Woman Sitter.

The late John Lambert, the Philadelphia artist, whose blindness, brought on by the dazzling sunshine of a Spanish summer, caused his death through grief, was a portrait painter of rare talent.

"Lambert," said a member of the Philadelphia club the other day, "was a realist. His portraits were true and unflattering. It annoyed him tremendously to be asked to make an ugly woman beautiful—it was the same thing, he used to say, as being asked to lie.

"A matron sat to Lambert once. At the end of the third sitting she professed to be quite satisfied with the progress of the work.

"'All but the mouth,' she said. 'Please make it small and curved. I know it is a straight, long mouth, really, just as you have drawn it, but in the portrait I want you, if you will, to make it very tiny. Will you?'

"'Certainly, madam,' said Lambert. 'I'll leave it out altogether if you wish.'"

Petroleum Forty Centuries Old.

Though it is only within recent times that petroleum has become an article of commerce, there is abundant proof that it was used in the arts 40 centuries ago. The mortar used in constructing the walls of Nineveh and Babylon had petroleum mixed with it for the purpose of securing greater cohesion and excluding dampness. Traces of the bituminous matter are very distinct in the ruins, and the existence of petroleum springs at Is, some hundred and twenty miles from old Babylon, indicates one source of the supply. In the ancient history of several eastern countries allusion is made in unmistakable terms to the existence of petroleum springs.—New York American.

May Refuse to Drink.

There is a movement afoot among some of the graduates of the German universities to abolish compulsory drinking by members of the student corps. At present no one is admitted to these societies if he be an abstainer, and when students are initiated they are required to drink almost to the intoxication point.

A Stake of Two Lives.

[Original.]

There were two absorbing passions that swayed Jean Tangre, governor of the prison in Dijon, France, at the time of the reign of terror—love of money and pride in his skill at chess. There was also a temporary passion—a hatred for an aristocrat. He guarded his prisoners well, but he still spent his leisure moments at his favorite game, and when he could do so without risk appropriated their belongings.

One morning after he had heard the reports of his jailers and attended to the usual routine of business he sat down to a game of chess with his daughter, who was the best opponent he could get. He beat her several games and threw himself back in his chair, with a deprecatory shrug and grunt. At that moment an attendant entered and said that a young man desired to speak with the governor. A boy of about eighteen was ushered in and thus addressed him.

"Citizen, I have heard of your skill in chess and have come all the way from Paris to try mine with you. I have beaten all opponents there, and if I can beat you I shall be champion possible, for I have heard that you are invincible."

At this compliment Tangre's breast swelled like that of a pouter pigeon.

"Sit down, citizen," he said. "Whom have I the honor to oppose?"

"Pierre Levesque, at your service," replied the young man, taking the seat left vacant by Julie Tangre.

"Levesque? I have heard of all the noted chess players of Paris, but not of Levesque."

"I am very young, citizen. I have lived in the country. Only a few weeks age I went to Paris and vanquished the notable players after my arrival there."

They played a game in which Tangre beat his opponent, who looked very much surprised.

"That is a new move," said Levesque, "that I have never seen before. None of the Paris players has it."

"So?" said the governor, delighted. "Well, perhaps I shall show you more new moves before we get through."

The next game was a long one. Levesque knitted his brows and studied and hesitated, but with all his thinking he was at last beaten.

"You play well," said Tangre. "That game required all my skill to beat you."

"In Paris," said the boy, "we always play for a stake. I think a stake tends to sharpen my skill. Shall we have one?"

"As you like," said his opponent. "Make it a louis a game."

They played all the morning, and at noon the governor had won what was for him a goodly sum, having beaten seven games in ten. Then the stranger began to grow irritated.

"What!" he cried. "Have I beaten the best players of the capital to come here to be beaten by a provincial?"

Tangre chuckled. Levesque put his hand in his pocket and withdrew it full of golden louis. He repeated the process till he had placed quite a pile of coins on the table.

"Match them," he said, "for the best six games in eleven."

"Ah, citizen," said Tangre, looking at the heap greedily, "if I only had the wherewithal to match them I would gladly do so."

"You dare not," said Levesque.

"Is there nothing you would like to stake against them except gold?"

"Yes," said the stranger; "there is." He leaned forward and whispered in the governor's ear:

"My father, Count Ulric Dumont, is your prisoner. I will play my gold against his liberty, the best six in eleven games."

A succession of curious expressions passed over the governor's face—first suspicion, then deliberation, avidity, confidence, followed in quick succession. He felt sure from what he had seen of Levesque's play that he could beat him. The young man's love for his father had led him to make a vain attempt for the prisoner's life. Tangre consented to the terms, signed an order for the count's release and laid it on the pile of gold.

The first two games were won by Tangre, the third by Levesque, the fourth by Tangre, the fifth and sixth by Levesque, the seventh and eighth by Tangre. The governor had now won five games to Levesque's three. From this point all was changed. The next game Levesque checkmated his opponent in twelve minutes, the next in six minutes. This left the games evenly divided, but so brilliant had been Levesque's later play that his adversary turned pale. Levesque on the eleventh game checkmated his adversary in four moves.

He reached forward and seized the paper, leaving the gold on the table. Rising, he bowed ceremoniously to the governor and withdrew, Tangre, sitting in a sort of stupor, looking after him as he went out of the door. As soon as it was closed Tangre scooped the money from the table and hid it in a closet.

Had not the young man left the gold on the table his plan might have been a failure and he and his father both gone to the guillotine. As it was, within half an hour the two were riding posthaste for the coast, where they found a vessel about to embark for New Orleans.

A month after the count was liberated Tangre received an order to send him to Paris to be tried. This really meant to be executed. Tangre claimed that he had never received such a prisoner and substantiated his claim by unquestionable records.

ELINOR T. BOYD.

A Gambling Episode.

[Original.]

Half a century ago what is now the middle west was the far west. Parts of Illinois, Indiana and Kentucky were inhabited by a very rough people. I went out there to sell goods when I was a very young man, being about the first salesman to visit the region. Of course I traveled armed and kept my money in a money belt strapped around my waist. I was rather a lively boy and not averse at times to a small game while traveling. Indeed, I carried a pack of cards and dice.

One evening I was on a stagecoach that pulled up at a tavern in a small town in Kentucky on the Ohio river. I had gone there to take the first steamboat that would pass up to Cincinnati, where I could take a railroad train for the east. No one could tell just when a boat would stop there, and I had the prospect of a dreary time ahead of me. In those days in that region gambling was open on the boats and in the taverns. During the evening of my arrival I watched a party of men in the same room with the office. The next day I spent my time watching for a steamboat. A number of boats passed, but none of them had freight or passengers for that landing, for they did not stop. In the evening I went in and watched the dice throwers.

Now, I defy any young man of ordinary spirit spending his time in such a place watching a game without longing to be in it. I resisted for some time, for the men were a bad looking lot, then pulled out some coins and called for the dice box in my turn. I played far into the night and when I got up from the table had parted with every cent of money I had for my expenses, some $200. I was not quite so much of a fool as this confession indicates, for I had noticed that my opponents knew exactly how to roll the dice so that the figures they wished should come up. Besides, I was not especially timid. When cleaned out I reached for the dice and put them in my pocket. The men who had won my money looked threatening, but said nothing. To object would have been to confess that they were loaded. I had no idea of recovering my money by an exposure. I wished to satisfy myself as to whether I had been swindled.

Taking my candle, I went upstairs and to bed. Undressing, I threw my trousers on the back of a chair, not thinking, since I had lost all my money, to take any precautions for their safety, but I didn't care to lose the dice till after I had a chance to break them, so I took them from the pocket and replaced them with my own set; then I went to bed and to sleep.

I was awakened during the night by some one tampering with my door. I lay still and presently heard the door open and a stealthy step in my room. A figure passed the window, and I could hear it searching among my clothes; then it went out. I got up, felt in my trousers' pocket for my dice, and they were gone.

The next morning I was not especially surprised to see some of the men who had my money still about the place. Had they not, as they supposed, secured the dice they would have got out of the way. After breakfast I told the landlord that I suspected that I had been swindled with loaded dice. He professed to be very indignant and swore that if such were the case he would make the men who had won my money disgorge. I told him to call them in and I would prove my charge. They came, and I could see by their assumed indignation that they were confident that they had their dice and I could prove nothing.

After they had expended sufficient verbal ammunition they called upon me to give a reason for assuming that the dice they had played with were loaded. I asked the landlord for a hammer, and when he had produced it I put my hand in my pocket and pulled out the dice I had kept under my pillow.

"Hold on," said one of them. "Those are not the dice."

"Why so?" I asked.

"Because"— He stopped short. He couldn't own that I had been robbed of a set of dice.

"Crack 'em," I said to the landlord.

Reluctantly he put one of them down on the hearthstone and cracked it. There was the lead plain enough.

The men and the landlord stared at one another, surprised. Meanwhile I had backed to a safe position and had my hand on my pistol. Hearing the stroke of a steamboat bell—a signal to bank fires—I knew that a boat was about to land.

"You men produce my money," I said, "or I'll see what I can do when that boat lands."

The landlord was in no mood for the reputation such a charge would give his place, and after a few words with the others he returned me my losings.

I don't think I should have had the courage to demand my money had I not heard that stroke of a steamboat bell. It came in the nick of time. I stuffed the funds into my pocket, ran upstairs for my belongings and down again, keeping a sharp lookout and my hand on my pistol. Then before going to the landing I said: "You've done the right thing. Never fear that I'll peach on you." The men who had disgorged looked very ugly, but as I could be seen by those on the boat going from the tavern to the landing I felt safe to walk there with my back to those who I knew under other circumstances would shoot me.

GEORGE DISNEY MILLS.

Among the Exchanges

Commenting on the decision of the municipal authorities of Danville to macadamize some of the streets of that town the Milton Evening Standard advises against the movement by saying: "This is where Danville is making a grave mistake. A few years ago Milton spent over twenty thousand dollars on macadam streets and if the councilmen of our sister borough will come over and "view the ground" we think they will go back home convinced that macadam is only a temporary repair."

In the city of Wilkes-Barre the Women's Affiliated clubs are about organizing a charitable work, which should find its counterpart in every city and large borough in the state. The Wilkes-Barre Record refers to the project and its excellent features by saying: "As the Record understands the purpose, it is to employ a professional nurse to visit the families of the poor where sickness exists, she to follow up the orders of the physician with practical demonstration of the proper methods of care. An occasional visit to a home in which there is typhoid fever would be of invaluable benefit to the unprofessional family nurse. There is a good deal to be learned in the giving of baths and in meeting the numerous emergencies that may arise.

I Will.

By S. E. Kiser.

I will start anew this morning with a higher, fairer creed:
I will cease to stand complaining of my ruthless neighbor's greed:
I will cease to sit repining while my duty's call is clear.
I will waste no moment whining and my heart shall know no fear.

I will look sometimes about me for the things that merit praise:
I will search for hidden beauties that elude the grumbler's gaze:
I will try to find contentment in the paths that I must tread.
I will cease to have resentment when another moves ahead.

I will not be swayed by envy when my rival's strength is shown.
I will not deny his merit, but I'll strive to prove my own:
I will try to see the beauty spread before me, rain or shine—
I will cease to preach your duty and be more concerned with mine.

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the stockholders of the CHARLEROI BRICK WORKS, a corporation of the State of Pennsylvania, has been called to convene at the general office of the company at North Charleroi, Pa., o'clock a. m. on the 22nd day of June, 1903, for the purpose of voting for or against the purchase of the business.

W. H. WAY,
Secretary.

M 27 A 27 M 6-2

C. E. LANTZ

Successor to Lantz Bros.

Dealer in FEED, GRAIN AND HAY

Orders Given Prompt Attention.
281 McKEAN AVENUE.

PISO'S CURE

Consumptive Coughs

are the forerunners of dread consumption, yet they can be broken up and entirely cured if properly treated. It is only by removing the cause of the disorder that an absolute cure can be effected. Piso's Cure goes to the root of the trouble and restores the lungs to a normal condition. It is a safe and effective remedy.

All Druggists 25 Cents

25 cts. 25 cts.

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

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Nearly all fire insurance policies are dressed alike.

They are mostly gaily lithographed fellows filled with many "aforesaids" and "hereinafters."

They all promise you the same thing—protection.

The proof that the promise is protection lies in the past record and present condition of the issuing company

Our policies are backed by companies that have been tried and proven

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Dyeing, cleaning and pressing. Suits made to order, $14 and up.
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Dealer in Dry Goods and Fancy Groceries. Also boat supplies. Store facing river front.
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General practice of medicine and surgery in town and country. Bell 'phone 186. Office hours 9:30 to 10:00 a. m.; 2 to 4 and 6:30 to 8:30 p. m. A 22

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All kinds of butchers stock for sale. Fresh cows a specialty. Write to above or inquire of S. E. Wilson, Mail Building

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Feed, Grain, Builders' Supplies, Seed Oats, Seed Corn.

Agent for Kramer Wagons.

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Hotel Clement Building

Corner 4th street and McKean Avenue

Making More Than a Living

Nearly every man who works steadily makes more than a living. During these slow times the men who have saved something appreciate what it is to have something laid away for a rainy day. A few cents a day soon counts up, and when savings are placed in a bank at a tidy interest the sum soon grows to proportions that make it a safeguard against want when work is not plentiful. Figure up how much more than a living you are making now, and place the difference in this bank. Four per cent. interest paid in savings department.

Bank of Charleroi,

Charleroi, Pa.

Capital and Surplus, $251,500.

A Good Show

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See the jolly numbers

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SIX ACRES OF GARDEN LAND in Twilight Borough, one-half mile from Charleroi, near the state road; half acre lot with dwelling house in Speers Borough, on state road, five minutes from station. Must be sold to settle estate. Call on

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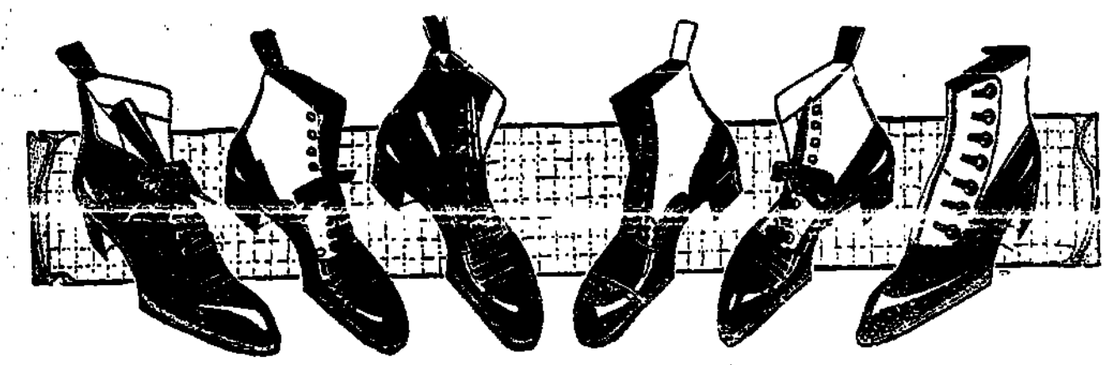

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The best working Shoes made; heavy double soles, waterproof; sizes 6 to 11; $2.50 values..... $1.95

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Shoes, good solid soles, worth $1.75, sizes 6 to 12. Adolphs price..... $1.18

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with the elastic on one side, plain toe and tips, rubber heel; worth 1.50, for 89c

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In lace and button, patent leather and kid top, all sizes, worth 2.00. Adolphs price..... 95c

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PROMPT DELIVERY

Is necessary to satisfaction with the service your grocer gives. Our customers never have a reason for a growl on this account. You give us the order. We will hustle the goods to you, anywhere in town any time during the day.

Wm. Parks, the Grocer,

Corner Washington Ave. and Fifth St., Charleroi, Pa.

Buy Green Goods at Masters'

We are handling so much in the line of green goods that you are always sure of your purchases being fresh. When thinking about something dainty and nice for the table don't forget that we are always glad to send little purchases to the house in time for the next meal.

J. E. MASTERS & CO.

Fourth St. and Fallowfield Ave. Charleroi, Pa.

Advertise in the Mail

A First Class Music Store

Charleroi has a music store where everything that's musical is sold. It may be a piano, or it may be a violin, or phonograph. We can furnish it. We handle such a large quantity of musical goods, the scope of our business is so large, that we are always able to make prices the lowest and terms the easiest. Post yourself on the fine lists we handle in pianos and you will [illegible] for anybody to go outside of Charleroi to buy.

W. F. Frederick Music Co.,

J. J. KING, Retail Manager, Fallowfield Ave.

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Don't worry your correspondent.

Don't write him anything by hand that takes him time to make out—that may leave him in doubt—that he can't easily read.

And don't fill out legal papers or card memos—or make out accounts or hotel menus in your own handwriting.

It looks bad, reflects on your standing, makes people think you can't afford a stenographer, and is sometimes ambiguous.

You can write out your letters—make out an abstract—fill in an insurance policy—enter your card memos—make out your accounts or a hotel menu—or do any kind of writing you need, on any kind, size or thickness of paper, and space any way you want to.

The OLIVER Typewriter

You can write any of these things if you do not happen to have a stenographer.

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THE WEEK of PROBATION.

By MARTHA C. SANFORD.

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Dorothy's love affairs had come to a crisis. Three proposals in as many weeks put literally a stop to her coquetry. A decision had to be made.

So she composed a form letter, brief and noncommittal, and mailed a copy to each of the three anxious aspirants. It read as follows:

My Dear Mr. ——: Please do not come to see me again for a week or until I give you permission. I am thinking things over. Very cordially yours,

DOROTHY BRETT.

Not that Dorothy seriously meant to do any tall amount of thinking. The week of probation would save her all that trouble. The test would be simple enough. Of the one whose absence should make her heart grow fonder—of that one Dorothy would feel sure. She wondered dreamily why all girls did not resort to a solution so commendably automatic. It was so silly to allow oneself to be consumed for a prolonged period with nerve racking [illegible] had to do was to assume a passive frame of mind—and wait.

When Reginald Warren received Dorothy's laconic instructions he laughed long and confidently.

"So Dorothy actually believes it's necessary to think it over," he commented. "Bless her heart, she shall be allowed that privilege if she wants it. As if there could be the least doubt!"

Right here Reginald broke off his soliloquy and whistled, for in sorting over his mail he had come upon another envelope in Dorothy's handwriting. It bore the name of Mr. Robert Butler, but was addressed by accident to Reginald's street and number.

Reginald balanced the letter tentatively in his hand. "How many more, I wonder?" he asked himself. "Shall I forward it to Butler or return it to Dorothy?" In a misguided moment he decided upon the latter alternative.

Dorothy was furious when the letter came back to her. She recognized Reginald's handwriting and immediately consigned him to the oblivion he deserved. How did he dare treat her slip of the pen humorously, for that was what he had done, of course! She could tell it from the rollicking style of the penmanship. Had he been a gentleman he would have forwarded it to Robert and spared her the humiliation of knowing what a telltale blunder she had made.

SHE WAITED IMPATIENTLY FOR CENTRAL TO GET THE NUMBER.

Robert Butler, of course profited by his rival's hasty faux pas—temporarily, that is—for, receiving no warning to the contrary, he continued to call upon Dorothy and found her so engagingly gracious that his emotions soared once more to the point of a proposal. Simultaneously Dorothy's hospitality fell to the freezing point, and the following morning she mailed Robert his delayed ultimatum.

The week of probation went by with no word or sign from the third handle of Dorothy's overfull loving cup. This unpardonable negligence piqued her not a little.

"Ned might at least have taken the trouble to find out if I really meant it," she argued, with proverbially feminine logic. "It's positive proof that he's indifferent. Well, he'll find out that I can be indifferent too. I'll write to—I'll write to Reginald Warren this very night and tell him"—

She took up her pen with an air of determination. One beginning after another was dashed boldly off, read over with misgivings and finally discarded.

Reginald himself interrupted these spasmodic outbursts.

"Oh, I was just writing to you, Mr. Warren!" was Dorothy's more or less fluttering welcome.

"Dorothy—my own!" Reginald exclaimed jubilantly.

She saw the gleam of happiness that lighted his eyes and quickly drew her hand away from his ardent clasp.

"How did you dare to come before I had written to tell you?" she asked defensively.

Reginald laughed easily.

"Because I knew what you would write, dearest, and the week of my enforced absence is up tonight, you know."

The amazing assurance of this lover struck Dorothy dumb for the moment. It was as though the man's real character had revealed itself in a flash. He had taken her answer for granted. Dorothy's vacillating little heart grew hot with rebellion and prompted her to take recourse in very daring strategy.

"I was writing to tell you that I am engaged to some one else," she announced bravely.

Reginald stared at her. Slowly the situation dawned upon him.

"So Mr. Butler is the lucky man, then?" he answered sneeringly. "I did not realize that he was a rival until I got his letter by mistake. Doubtless that was your acceptance of him, Miss Brett, that I remailed to you. I shall certainly take pleasure in congratulating him at my first opportunity. Good night."

"No, no; wait!" called Dorothy as soon as she could recover from the shock of this man's anger. But it was too late.

"Heavens!" she gasped. "Suppose he announces my engagement to Robert Butler!"

She rushed to the telephone and waited impatiently for central to get the number.

"Is this Mr. Butler? This is Dorothy Brett. What? You recognized my voice the very first word? You were expecting me to call up?" (Dorothy made a very little face.) "Well, I just wanted to tell you that I am engaged to Ned Hamilton. What? You say he denied it this very afternoon? Well, you see, I wanted to tell you about it myself! Why, thank you, Mr. Butler, I'm sure we shall be. Come to see me. Good night."

Again Dorothy waited with the receiver close to her little pink ear, this time with almost dancing anticipation.

"Oh, Ned, is this really you? Where have you been all this week? It seems a month. It's my own fault. Well, Ned, could you possibly come over this evening? You can't? Got to take whom to the theater? Oh, your sister! Goodness! I thought you said Leicester somebody. Well, do find some one else to take her. You see, I just telephoned Mr. Butler that you and I are engaged and— That's what I said—engaged! I had to. Um-hum. Now hurry!"

Ned put on his "seven league boots" and hurried.

"Dorothy," he gasped when he reached her, breathless, but happy, "do you really mean that I'm the lucky dog?"

"Of course!" she answered, laughing at his boyish incredulity. "Who else did you s'pose?"

"Why, I don't know, dearest. I guess I was a bit shaky about Butler and that Warren fellow. Warren's been boasting, in fact, that you'd soon announce your engagement to him."

"The little beast!" exclaimed Dorothy, flushing. But her anger died down as suddenly as it came.

"Oh, Ned, I'm so happy!" she whispered, for by this time Ned had her in his arms and was making up for lost time. "It was awfully risky of you leaving me alone for a whole week," she chided. "I came very near accepting Reginald Warren not more than an hour ago."

Ned loosened his hold of her slightly.

"Out of spite," Dorothy added roguishly, "'cause you didn't care enough to come for your answer."

"But you asked me not to come till you gave me permission," he reminded her.

"Didn't you see the special postscript on the inside of the envelope—on the flap?"

Ned drew the envelope from his pocket. It had been cut open at the top. He folded back the flap.

"If you get very anxious," he read, "you needn't wait."

"Dorothy," he exclaimed, kissing her rapturously, "if I had only known!"

"Men have no curiosity," she sighed happily, "and no imagination. They lose a lot of fun."

An Extraordinary Dinner.

Sir Frank Lascelles had some exciting experiences in the course of his diplomatic career. He was with Sir Edward Malet in Paris in 1870 during the siege and the commune and told the story of an extraordinary dinner which they had at the embassy shortly after a cannon ball had driven in the front wall and reduced the kitchen to ruins. A general retreat was made to the cellar. And here the two Englishmen solemnly arrayed themselves in dress clothes and sat down to dine in as much "state" as possible, amid a hopeless jumble of treasured bric-a-brac, valuables, clocks, china, etc., for not a scrap of the usual ceremony and etiquette was waived despite the incongruous surroundings. "It looked like the haunt of brigands," Sir Edward wrote to a friend, "who had just ransacked a stately castle and brought the booty hither, while in the center in vivid contrast of neatness with disorder was the table laid out for dinner, with its white tablecloth and silver candlesticks and, to crown incongruities, Frank Lascelles and myself in evening dress and white ties, waited on by the stately butler and embassy servants."—London Tit-Bits.

A Human Oddity.

Most men are queer, but some are queerer. A prize winner in the second class drew the eyes of the entire company upon him in amazement as they sat around a table in a downtown restaurant at luncheon. They had been discussing apartment house life when one of the party turned to the man next him and asked:

"By the way, Jim, how many rooms have you in your flat?"

"Blessed if I know," said Jim. "My wife can tell you. I can't. Never counted 'em."

"Well, isn't he a bird?" whispered a man opposite. "Wonder if he knows how many fingers and toes he has?"—New York Globe.

THE MAN WITH THE RED BEARD.

(Original.)

It was in the wildest part of New Mexico during the [illegible] region's history that a powerfully built man with a red beard and steel gray eye was walking along the main street of G. Hearing a step behind him, he turned quickly, drawing his revolver at the same moment. A greaser was about to plunge ten inches of steel into the red bearded man's back, but the latter was too quick for him and dropped the knife with a pistol ball, covering the hand with blood.

In a moment the street was full of greasers. They seemed to pop up from every corner. They surrounded the man with the red beard, knocked him down and had the life nearly kicked out of him when the sheriff came along and took him to jail. There he was in the hands of greasers, who put him in irons and tortured him in every possible way for three weeks, then, getting tired of him, turned him loose.

The red bearded man wandered northward—legs, arms and head in bandages—till he met a circus. To the manager he said:

"Goin' south?"

[illegible]

"Stop at G.?"

"Yes. G.'s on the date book."

"Want a hand?"

"We need one or two more men to put up and take down the tents."

"I'm with you."

The red bearded man worked well, notwithstanding his bruises. The circus men called him Redbeard. They found it necessary to stand together while in that region, and the shout "Hey, Rube!" was frequently given. When some one of their number was attacked by greasers he would give the cry, and every circus man would at once lay about him, breaking as many bones of male citizens as possible.

There were an afternoon and an evening performance at G. The evening show was crowded with greasers, about every person in the town being on hand. During the day Redbeard had collected a lot of stakes and poles of various kinds and piled them outside of the main tent. He was not observed saying much of anything to his comrades, nor did they say much to each other or any one else. There was that dogged look on their faces that portended a storm. Among the audience was the greaser who had tried to knife the red bearded man and several men who had tortured him while he was in jail. He spotted them.

The show was over, and the audience was leaving the tent when Redbeard, his beard looking redder than ever in the big light that illuminated it and his steely eye darting fire, leaped upon the pile of improvised weapons he had collected and, filling his lungs with air, gave one long wild shout:

"Hey, Rube!"

Every man connected with the circus made a dash for the pile. There were tentmen in ordinary apparel, there were ostlers in high boots, there were negro minstrels in burnt cork and there were riders in spangled tights. Every man of them seized his cudgel, swung it in the air and brought it down on the nearest greaser. The women and children scurried away like hens and chickens to coop through a storm of wind and hail and lightning. Some of the greasers had their knives and pistols with them, but they had no opportunity to get together to make a united fight. Wherever they attempted to strike they were beaten down by a shower of oaken stakes.

Redbeard seemed to be saving himself for special objects. The first of his old enemies he espied dodging about in the melee was the sheriff who had arrested him. Redbeard made a dive for him, swung his club high in the air and brought it down on the man's skull. He sank like a steer in a slaughter house. Then came the turn of the greaser who had attempted the knifing. Redbeard found him on the ground where he had just fallen, tripped in the melee, and jumped upon him with a pair of boots alone heavy enough to stun him. In another moment the greaser's head was a jelly. Lastly, Redbeard attended to his jailers. One he held on a flaming torch used to light a peanut stand. Another he poked with an iron pointed stake. His thirst for revenge was unsatisfied till he had settled his account with every one of them.

When the affray was over there were a score of bodies on the ground, all of them greasers, either dead or badly wounded. There were others who had either been carried away or had been able to drag themselves off the field. The remainder had fled ignominiously. The manager, realizing that the affair was an unusual one, acted accordingly. He did not fear a rally that night, but he dared not go farther south to return through G. To return by any other route was impracticable, so he concluded to go directly northward.

Before dawn everything was packed in the wagons and the show turned away from the scene of Redbeard's vengeance. The men of the company formed a rear guard under the direction of Redbeard, who as a fighting man had won their entire confidence. They were followed for a short distance by a few greasers, but so few that, realizing the futility of interfering with the retreat, they soon gave it up and returned to G.

As to Redbeard, as soon as there was no longer use for his military services he left the company to go no one knew where. Since the night circuses have kept away from that region unless well fixed for defense. Nothing so incenses the greaser of these parts as the two short words:

"Hey, Rube!"

LAURENCE FOSTER CHURCH.

BERRYMAN'S

Carpets, Rugs and Curtains

Spring Time is Carpet Time

We are having the greatest Carpet time of our experience. For this week's special selling we have ready five grand offerings that should be interesting to all householders.

Body Brussels Special

Finest grade five frame body brand carpets in a splendid range of colorings, these carpets today are worth $1.70, we will take your order this week, make, lay and line for yd $1.35

Smith's Best Tapestry

Regular price 1.00 per yard, made, laid and lined at 85c

Room Size Rugs

One lot of Smith's room special sized rugs, special for this week at $10.75

Crex Grass Matting

For porches, it comes in one yard wide at 50c, also in one and one-half yards wide at 75c and two yards wide at $1.00

Ingrains

Finest grades of all wool ingrains in two and three ply, all very neat and pretty styles at 80c, 85c. 1.00 and $1.15

Lace Curtains

We are well prepared to meet your every demand in Lace Curtains. We can surely save you money—Muslin Curtains, Nottinghams, Cable Nets, New Screen Curtain Nets by the yard—our large stock makes your selection at once easy and satisfactory.

Berryman's
CHARLEROI'S LIVE STORE

LODGES VISIT CHURCHES

(Continued from first page

being taken from Isaiah 62:1, as follows.

"For Zion's sake I will hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest, until her righteousnese go forth as brightness, and her salvation as a lamp that burneth."

He defined fully the meaning of the word patriot, saying "A patriot is one who is zealously devoted to the service of his country and who seeks that country's highest interests. The real friend of America desires for his country a reputaton for righteousness among the nations, and that we shall be saved from all that is degrading and unworthy. The patriot will stand for education and culture and general intelligence among the people. These things are essential to the highest well being of any nation, especially is this true of a republic.

"Your orders stand against the admission of criminals, insane, idiots, and paupers into our land from other countries. ...Of course you stand against any institution which makes criminals paupers, etc. out of good American citizens. The right may seem to be defeated at times, but there can be no doubt as to the final outcome. Righteousness must triumph.

"You believe in such regulation of industrial affairs as will give equal opportunity to all. I am glad our country has become thoroughly aroused on this matter. Our political and business life reeks with injustice which denies an equal right to all. Privileges to our favorites and ruin for the other fellow has too long been the motto. A system of graft, rebating and rottenness has grown up which endangers our national life. And in the final analysis, nothing but personal righteousness is patriotism. The best thing you can do for your country is to give your life all to God's service.

Photography.

Practical photography first saw the light in 1839. On February 21 of that year Talbot, who had obtained permanent prints and camera images as early as 1835, published his process. Daguerre's was published on August 19, and somewhere between those two dates Ponton, in a paper read at the Royal Scottish Society of Arts, made known to the world his discovery that soluble organic matter, in the presence of an alkaline bichromate, was rendered insoluble by exposure to light—a discovery the value of which was not recognized for some years, but which is the basis of all that is included in "process work."—New York American.

LION TAMER TALKS OF PETS.

Timid Animals Less to His Liking Than the Pugnacious Ones.

A lion tamer, over his midnight supper, talked shop.

"The timid lion is the only one I fear," he said. "The fierce, pugnacious lion is my joy. What a show he gives the people for their money! Growling hideously, wrinkling his great face in dreadful snarls, gnashing his teeth and threatening to strike me with his paw, he goes through his tricks, and the audience is held in a delicious suspense, half hoping, half fearing, that the big brute will chew me up before their eyes.

"Yes, the fierce lion assures a fine attractive turn. But the timid one!

"The timid lion, just when you want to give your best show, will whimper with terror at the crack of the whip, and slink off to the farthest corner of the cage, and, turning its back to you, lie down and bury its face in its paws. Gehenna!

"But, say, do you know what I've been known to do? I've been known to dope up timid lions. Yes, sir, doped them up till they were maniacal. That's dangerous, too. Batty like that, they might do for you."

GREAT CONDUCTOR HAD HUMOR.

Witty and Genial Remarks Credited to Dr. Hans Richter.

Countless are the stories of the geniality of Dr. Hans Richter, the famous musician. While rehearsing a Mozart symphony in which the first violins had a number of delicate trills and turns to perform, these were played too heavily for Richter, who said:

"Please, gentlemen, pianissimo! Queen Mab—not suffragettes."

Again, when on one occasion Richter was not thoroughly satisfied with the orchestra rendering of a scene from "Tristan and Isolde," he stopped the rehearsal and asked for more dignity in the playing, adding that Isolde was the daughter of a king, not of a cook. On another occasion, while rehearsing Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" music, the violoncellos had a very passionate melody to play. Richter was by no means satisfied that the useful warmth of expression had been obtained.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," said he, "you all play like married men, not lovers."

Smart Preacher

Little four-year-old Carrie went with her aunt to church. The preacher was very earnest in his delivery, and she was much interested. "Mother," said she, when she came home, "I've heard such a smart minister. He stamped and pounded, and made such a noise, and then he got so mad he shook his fists at the folks, and there wasn't anybody dared go up and fight him."

A Leap Year Round Robin.

(Original.)

In large cities marriages among the so called higher classes are decreasing. A young man even of means has many things to deter him from matrimony and many things to induce him to remain single. Housekeeping in style is expensive, while there are magnificent clubhouses in which a bachelor may spend his leisure.

At a social gathering of young ladies the indisposition of eligible men to marry was under discussion. Miss Markham declared that it was the fault of the girls that they did not use the sex's privilege to snare the bachelors. "Now, there's Guy Harrison," she said. "He's entirely eligible in every respect. He's president, vice president and director of no end of companies, and everything he touches turns to money. He's thirty-five, well educated, refined and intellectual. Why hasn't some girl appropriated him? Men don't think of marrying, or if they do they consider it in the remote future till they are snared."

[illegible] ster of thirty, "consider yourself appointed to snare Mr. Harrison."

"Thank you for the honor conferred upon me, but I am not inclined to do all the work myself. I will, however, join in a round robin with the others present with a view to accomplishing the purpose. Let us each write a leap year letter to Mr. Harrison proposing marriage. This will arrest his attention and force him either to choose one of us or appear ungallant."

"Bravo!" shouted every girl present. "How delightful! Come; let us begin."

Letters were written by five young ladies, each one of whom signed an assumed name to her epistle. Miss Boyd refrained on the ground that at her age it would be highly improper to offer herself. To this the others assented. She was surely passe, though a very attractive woman. She wrote Mr. Harrison that she would be pleased to have him send his reply to her and call upon her for information concerning the writers. Then all the letters were put into the postoffice at one time, that they might be received together. Miss Boyd promised as soon as a reply was received to call the candidates to her house to hear it read.

A week passed, and, not hearing from their medium, the young ladies became impatient. Then after consultation they resolved to go to her house and ask if a reply had not been received. Miss Boyd received them, somewhat embarrassed and with a faint color in her cheeks. She admitted that she had received a reply and handed it to Miss Markham to read:

Dear Miss Boyd—I heartily approve of the leap year plan adopted by certain young ladies, but disapprove of any lady who was present shirking her part in it. I shall withhold my selection until satisfied that every woman present at the time the round robin was decided on has sent in her proposal.

The girls all looked at each other. Miss Boyd proved equal to the occasion. "It is evidently a ruse," she said, "to gain time. To accommodate you I will take measures to bring him to a decision by writing a proposal. It will be a mere form. My identity will be the only one he will know. He will then plan for further delay by asking for the names of the others. But do not despair; some of you will bring him down yet." This view of the case satisfied the candidates, and the young ladies went away. All admitted that a middle aged man would be sure to choose, if at all, from among the youngest candidates.

Another week passed without word from Miss Boyd. The young ladies, growing impatient, went again in a body to her house. Again she received them with embarrassment and this time refused to show a reply she had received. Attacked front, flanks and rear, she at last yielded. The reply was this:

Dear Miss Boyd—I return certain anonymous letters received by me recently, none of which interests me. Your proposition will be considered and a reply sent you later.

There was a blank stare on the faces of the candidates. Then Miss Boyd, recovering her equanimity, said:

"Our plan has failed. It has been evident from the first that Mr. Harrison is sufficiently adroit to get out of the trap without appearing ungallant."

"Ungallant!" cried one of the girls. "Is it gallant to say to a woman who proposes that her reply will be sent later, with a view not to sending it at all?"

This remark gave the impression held by the girls, and all took their departure feeling that the plan had miscarried. Indeed, each girl, though her identity was unknown to the snubber, felt that she had been snubbed.

A month passed, and the episode was nearly forgotten. Occasionally Miss Boyd would be asked if anything more had come of the matter, to which she invariably replied:

"You silly girl! Wasn't it plain to you that Mr. Harrison was too smart for you all?"

But one morning each of the five rejected candidates rushed to the other four, exclaiming, "Have you seen it?"

"Yes. Isn't it shameful?".

"Catch me again employing a woman as a go-between in such an affair!"

The occasion of this comment was an item in the society columns of a newspaper:

The engagement is announced of Mr Guy D. Harrison to Miss Margaret Boyd.

"You are all wrong!" said a married woman to one of the ex-candidates on hearing the invidious remarks. "Margaret Boyd is only twenty-nine, and there has never been a time that she couldn't get almost any bachelor in the city she wanted."

CONSTANCE WILD.

PERSONAL MENTION

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph W. Barnett, of Homestead were visitors in Charleroi yesterday with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Barnett, of Lincoln avenue.

Miss Ruth Worcester, of Homestead formerly of this place was visiting friends in Charleroi yesterday.

Miss Celia Schasney of Latrobe is in Charleroi spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. Chas. Finkoeiner.

Mrs. B. Krakover was in Pittsburg yesterday visiting friends.

George Barnett was a visitor in Beaver Saturday night with friends.

Frank Powell spent Sunday at his home in Mingo.

Mrs. Leslie Campbell and daughter Dorothy of McKean avenue have left for Parnassus to spend a few days with the former's sister, Mrs. J. W. McConnell.

Abe Oppenheim, Abe Levinston and Louis Goldberg spent Sunday in Monongahela with friends.

Miss Viola Darby who is employed as a milliner at California spent Sunday with her parents in Charleroi.

John W. Beaumont and family of Monongahela are spending several days in Charleroi with Miss Estelle Baduoux. They will leave on Friday for New York to sail Saturday for England.

Mrs K. N. Gaut of Irwin is spending a few days with her son, William Gaut, of the Walfred hotel.

Miss Sadie Riffle left today for her home in Adah, Fayette county, being accompanied to Brownsville by Mrs. Evan Kelly.

Miss Elizabeth Nickeson, who has been visiting at the home of Mrs. J. Walters, Washington, has returned to her home in Charleroi.

CREAM PUFFS NOT SATISFYING.

Made Somewhat Meager Repast for Hungry Traveler.

"The hungriest I ever was in my life," remarked one Bert Foster, well-known Cleveland traveler and clubman, the other day, "was at a little station down in Texas one day where the train stopped five minutes for luncheon. I went in and grabbed up a couple of sandwiches—the last ones they had—and the only things I saw on the counter that were eatable, and then rushed back on the train, for if I missed the train I would have had to stay there over night. The sandwiches were all that stood between me and starvation, for there was no dining car on the train and the next stop where one could buy things to eat was about 150 miles farther on. You can figure it out for yourself how anxious I was to get after the two sandwiches. I bit into one of them and what do you think the sandwich was? It was a cream puff! Two cream puffs—that I had thought were sandwiches. That was all that I had to fill up the great void in my insides. I might as well have had a couple of hickory nuts. Nice jolly situation for a starving man, that, wasn't it?"

A Distinction.

Five-year-old Deborah had been invited to take luncheon at a restaurant with Miss K.

"Do you like cocoa?" she was asked.

When the answer was "Yes," the beverage was duly brought, but remained untasted.

At last Miss K. said: "Why don't you drink your cocoa, Deborah, when you said you wanted it?"

"I didn't say I wanted it," replied the child, politely: "I only said I liked it." — Woman's Home Companion.

THE CHARLEROI MAIL WANT COLUMN

ONE CENT PER WORD each insertion if PAID IN ADVANCE. No ad. taken for less than 25 cents. This rate includes Lost, For Rent, For Sale, Found, Wanted, Etc.

FOR SALE—The frame stable on property of Mrs. A. F. Chandler, Crest avenue, Charleroi, Pa. Inquire Charleroi Real Estate Agency Co. 221t2

FOR SALE—Four Ligonier Buggies with steel and rubber tires; also one hydraulic cider mill, capacity 60 barrels a day. Inquire S. T. Chester, or Harper Bros., Charleroi, Pa. 215tf

WANTED—Everybody to know that the Mail takes orders for high class engraving of calling cards and invitations. 143tf

CARDS—Call and see our samples of stylish calling cards. Printed or engraved. Charleroi Mail. 134 tf

W. M. PEECOOK
Plumbing, Steam and Gas Fitting
REPAIR WORK OF ALL KINDS
309 Second St., Charleroi, Pa.

This is the Time
To think about absolute protection for your valuables. It may be too late when fire breaks out or burglars come.
For a small charge you can rent a Safe Deposit Box in the Fire and Burglar Proof Vault of the Charleroi Savings & Trust Company and know that everything you put there is secure.
SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES TO RENT, $5.00 AND UP PER YEAR
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His goods are great,
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Why can he do this? CHI-NAMEL is a varnish made to walk upon. It does not mar; it goes farther; lasts longer; water has no effect upon it; it is beautiful in color and gloss; in fact, it has every quality that you would demand in a varnish, either clear or colored.

A trial can will convince you. Chinese Wood Oil does it.

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